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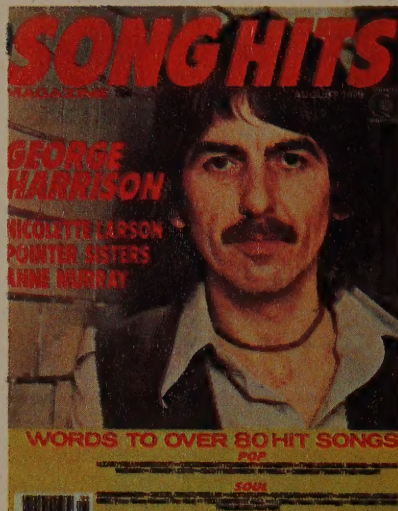
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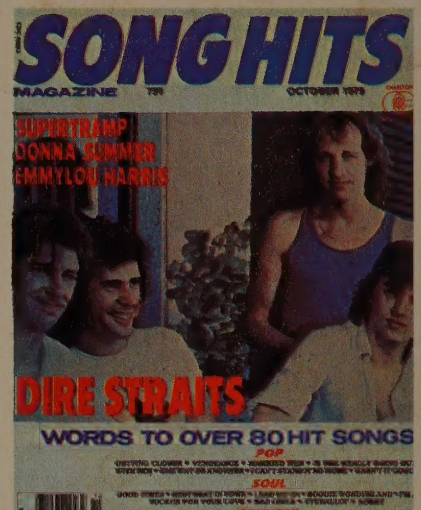
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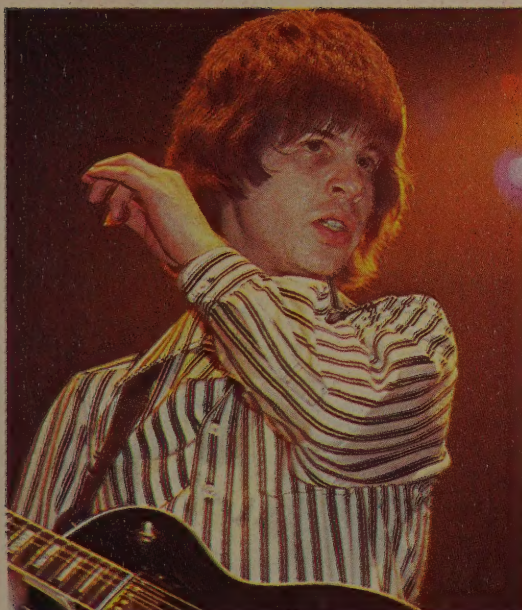
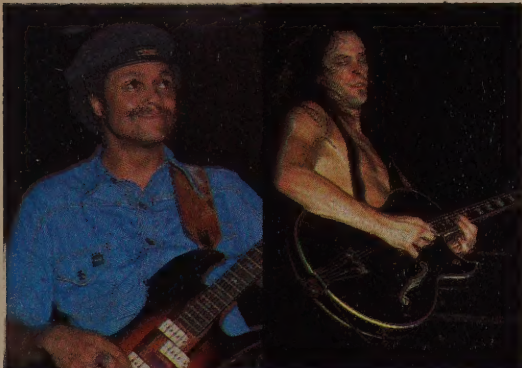
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WHITESNAKE

Ex-Deep Purple People With A New Band For The '80s.

by Charley Crespo

"We'd like to think of Whitesnake as a progressive r&b band, what the Yardbirds would have been if it had stayed together," David Coverdale says of the new English rock band, that, after storming the rest of the globe, finally hit in this country with *Fool For Your Loving* from the **Ready An' Willing** album.

"First and foremost, the influence of the band is very blues based," continued the 29-year-old singer from Saltburn in the north of England, "but instead of going back and playing the old 12 bar sequences, we try to take the blues into a more modern structure in terms of music and make the themes more identifiable with today rather than 40 years ago. Also, our music is physical, which I think has been missing for a long time."

In 1974, Coverdale, a total unknown on the music scene, sent a demo tape to Deep Purple's record company about the time Ian Gillan left the world famous heavy metal band. Coverdale was aware of the job opening, but was only hoping to land a job as an in-house songwriter. Ironically, it was his strong, soulful voice that was selected; he was asked to be the group's new lead singer.

"Obviously, I would have preferred the job singing with the band, but I didn't expect that my throat was the one they were looking for," he said at the time. "And I certainly didn't have that sort of image."

Smoke On The Water and nine other albums had already made Deep Purple one of the world's biggest rock bands, particularly in Japan and Europe. Coverdale, who up until that time had only performed with English semi-pro bands like the Fabulosa Brothers and Rivers International, admittedly fell into a comfortable yet intimidating position. He toured with Deep Purple, singing before thousands of fans on the world's



David Coverdale, Whitesnake lead singer: "It's impossible to deny that some of the things are going to sound like Purple."

largest stages, and recorded three studio albums with the group, **Burn**, **Stormbringer** and **Come Taste The Band**, before the group broke up in mid-1976.

After the breakup of DP, Coverdale went on to record two solo albums in England, **Whitesnake** and **Northwinds**.

DP's keyboardist, Jon Lord, and later, drummer Ian Paice, the only two Purples that stayed with DP since its origins in 1968, met with little success in a group called Ashton, Paice and Lord with Tony Ashton, and so eventually joined Coverdale's band, which was getting to be known

as Whitesnake. Today's Whitesnake is rounded out by guitarists Bernie Marsden and Mickey Moody and bassist Neil Murray, all of whom have played with several English professional bands.

"There are three ex-Purple's in Whitesnake, so it's impossible to deny that some of the things are going to sound like Purple because I wrote a lot of songs for Purple, and I'm doing a lot of the songwriting now," Coverdale said. "And of course with Jon Lord and Ian Paice there, it's gotta sound like some of the Deep Purple stuff. I'd like to think that the only thing that I'm using that's come from Purple is the experience. There's no conscious artistic motivation to carry on where Purple left off."

"In fact, with Whitesnake, it's a much more open situation as far as writing is concerned. (Under) the creative umbrella of Whitesnake, we can write anything, soul, rhythm and blues, rock and roll, whereas with Purple, my writing was getting so fucking small, because it was only hard rock heavy metal. There was no way you could change that because people who picked up a Purple album were picking it up for one kind of music. As a writer, it was frustrating, whereas with Whitesnake, we can do what the fuck we want."

Whitesnake comes from a heavy metal background, but the more soulful influence saturating its music leans the six-piece band towards a rock and roll sound akin to Bad Company, Free and possibly Foreigner. The genre has proven successful for these groups, and now Whitesnake looks like it's about to ascend the ladder to widespread fame and fortune. The acid test will be realized during their late summer/early fall tour opening for Jethro Tull.

"We're gonna be over here frightening the colonies into Whitesnake submission," says Coverdale confidently. □

No one finds The Cars' local rehearsal studio unless The Cars want them to. On the eve of their third American tour, which is taking them coast to coast in over four months, the group had shut themselves off in a barn-like building surrounded by factories and fast food joints. A very few determined fans sat outside on the stoop, waiting, unaware that Ric Ocasek's expensive sports car was in the lot only yards away. In one wing of the squat structure, fellow Elektra Records stable-mates, the Nervous Eaters, practiced, then stopped temporarily to catch a quick word with Ric. The Boston music community takes care of its own.

perfectly into place onstage, giving Ric's compositions an expanded identity.

But it is Ocasek who has the seemingly difficult job of coming up with yearly sets of the elusive, yet commercial sounds that have become The Cars' trademark. I say seemingly, because Ocasek is a prolific writer who handed the group over twenty compositions, of which eleven were recorded for **Panorama** and an extra B-side. It's a continuing source for wonder that The Cars manage to hug that fine line between hitmakers and the avant garde without ever becoming unsure of themselves, and with **Panorama** they decided to reverse any expectations their audience

songs, although there are a lot of those. But there are some real personal ones — I don't know where the events happened or why I conjured them up, but I'm glad I did..."

Reality is a state of mind Ocasek and his fellow Cars can no longer take for granted. Merely three years have passed since the group did their first gigs around Boston, only two since **The Cars** was released to a flood of praise and sales that number in the millions. At this stage, The Cars may be instantly recognizable, both musically and physically, but like Blondie, the only other punk-era band to sell platinum and be called superstars, the group fervently

THE CARS

PANORAMA'S CRACKED WINDSHIELD

by Toby Goldstein

Q: Can a band be unique, creative and popular at the same time?

A: Only if they are the Cars.

Two large rooms in the complex were taken up by The Cars — one for the massive amount of technical paraphernalia involved in preparing for a national tour, the other housing the band's equipment. Set up exactly as it appears on the group's "industrial" custom-designed stage, Dave Robinson's drums and Greg Hawkes' space-ship-like keyboards flanked the band's three guitarists. Ric Ocasek, his lean tallness emphasized by a striped jacket and narrow black trousers, perched at the right of the set-up, trying to eradicate a headache.

Within a week, The Cars would be back

"A lot of times people want what they don't have so desperately, and when they do get it there's no reason to want it anymore and they look for something else."



The guys really enjoy each others' company...



...although there have been some touchy moments.

on the road after a nine-month absence, playing many of the songs from their third album, **Panorama**, with a few older favorites tossed in. Preparing for a road show is not Ocasek's ideal way to pass the time. "In fact, we hate to practice. We've been practicing for this tour now for two weeks; we have one more, and we're out there. That's enough for me. If I have four days it's enough. I've practiced enough. We just feel the songs, and that's the way they go." The group's easy compatibility with one another makes those songs fall

might have based on **The Cars** and **Candy-O**.

"I wanted to change things around," Ric declared, "because it's part of growing. Just 'cause I didn't want to stay in the same place — and I think the next album will be more so. There are some more personal kinds of things on this record. I just took the mask off for awhile, just felt like writing anything that came into my head. I like the lyrics on this record more than the other ones. They're not all cinematic and they're not all third-person

holds on to its underdog memories. Bowl-em-over egos are not for them.

Many events, both sublime and ridiculous, have occupied The Cars' time and thoughts since last year's **Candy-O** tour. Ric produced tracks by The Fast and Peter Dinklage for the **Sharp Cuts** new wave compilation, and immediately before writing the third album, he produced an album for Marty Rev and Alan Vega, better known as Suicide, close friends he respects greatly as artists. "I love that record, regardless of what anybody else

thinks of it," he declared, but his production of the album won Ocasek rare acclaim from the critical British press.

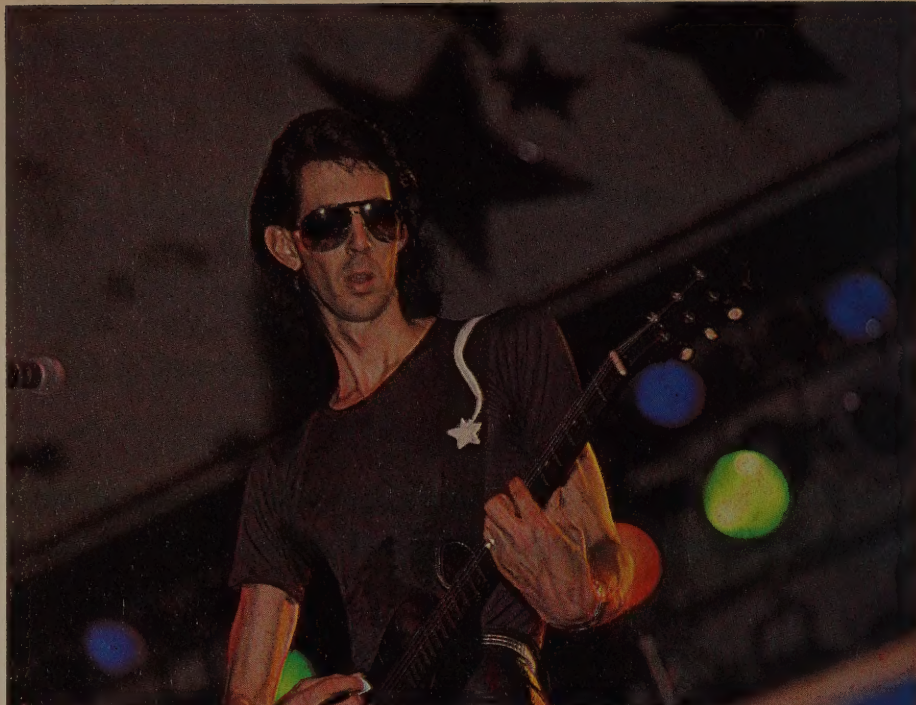
Bassist Ben Orr spent a few months putting together a new residence after all of his equipment and favorite possessions were destroyed in an apartment fire. Dave Robinson, who recruited artist Vargas for **Candy-O's** controversial album cover, worked on designing the stark artwork on **Panorama**, and jovial guitarist Elliot Easton began creating a personalized lead guitar for the Dean company, whose equipment he endorses.

Unfortunately, the band also had to spend time in New York courtrooms, embroiled in disputes with their former manager, what Ocasek tersely referred to as "the leech factor". I had to deal with that, we all did. But we've gotten much closer because of it. We feel like we pulled ourselves together as a band.

"Becoming more successful takes your time, totally, and you just find that a lot of people want you to spend time on everything else besides music. And that's what we have to reject, and pay more attention to music. There's more pressure — it's sort of obvious." The group prefers to take personal satisfaction in the challenge of reinterpreting **Panorama** onstage. Although the record bears the unmistakable imprint of Roy Thomas Baker's compressed production, it's not nearly as instantly accessible a product as the group's first two albums, a fact that pleased Ric.

"I feel you have to play it at least twice, and listen. There's time changes and everything. All kinds of interesting things. We set out to do as different an album as we could for as far as we've gone. I like it a lot. I think it's real good for us.

"Not that **Panorama** is a perfect album, but you can't live up to everyone's expectations. I just always figured the critics like you when you're down, and then when you're up they gotta find something else to like. I guess it doesn't matter to me as



Ric Ocasek: "It didn't matter what people thought of me anymore."

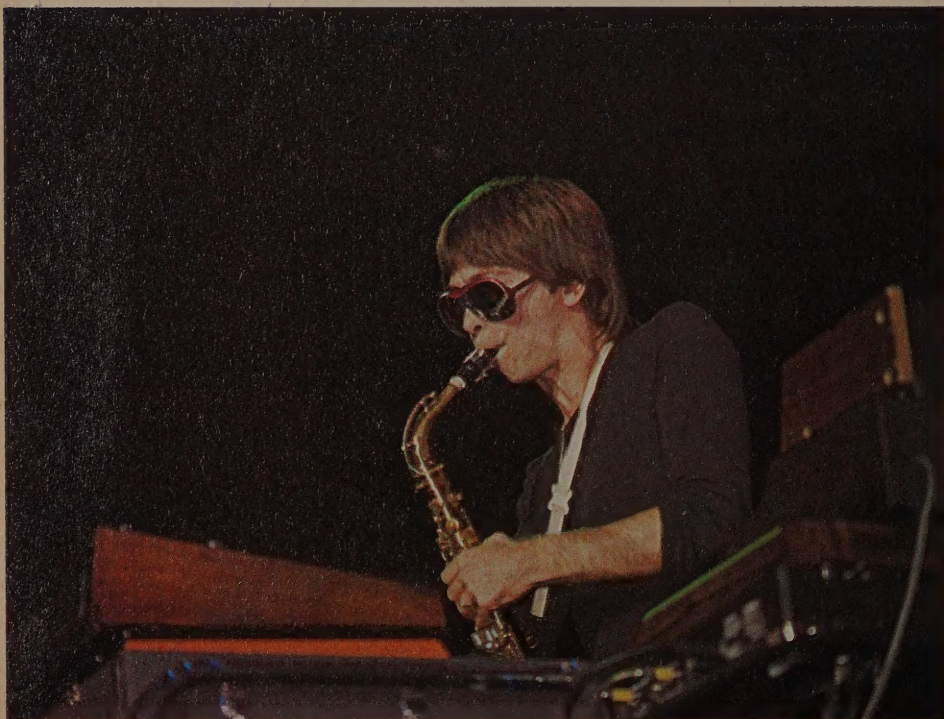
much as it used to. I got a good taste of getting knocked on the second record and I learned. There are people who are trying to drag you down and take credit for things, take everything you're gonna give 'em for the next five years and leave you cold anyway, so what's the difference?"

Panorama, in keeping with Ocasek's desire to connect personally with his audience, has a "live-in-studio" feel to it, with little ad-libs, whispered lyrics and quirky musical phrases adding to its depth. The group's decision to open their

show with the mood-piece *Shoo Be Doo* throws another curtain of mystery on to the human dramas acted out in Ocasek's compositions. The Cars have always played songs that catalogued people's fantasies about each other and their difficulties within relationships, but the autobiographical nature of songs like *Misfit Kid* replaces blurred images with direct frontal assault. Said Ric, with straightforward candor: "It's about wanting to belong to something and having the wrong ideas. This record's about a lot of misunderstandings between people. I haven't summed it up in my own mind — sometimes I have to wait about six months to really find out what a record is about.

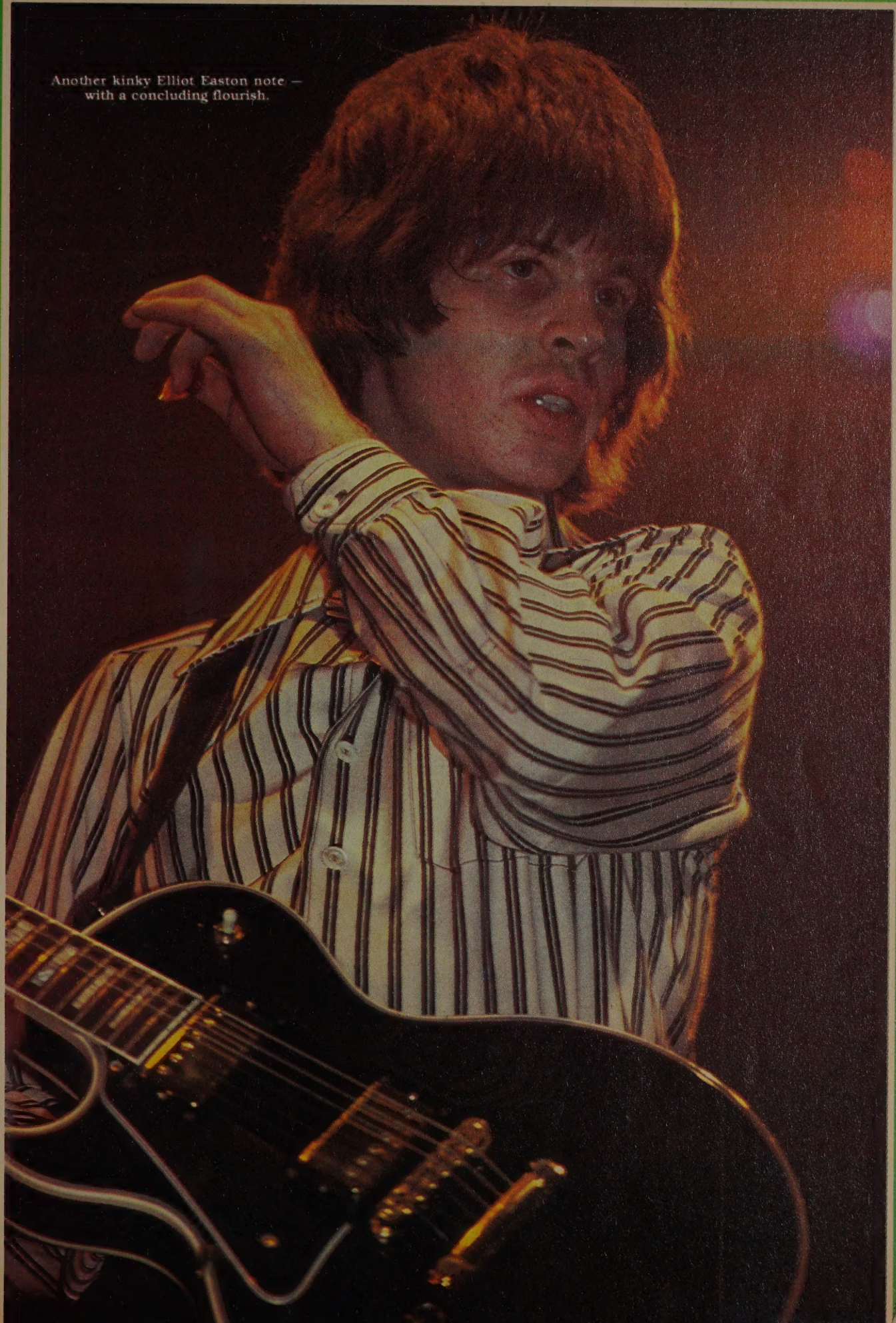
"I'm just an average guy and people can relate to that. I'm not on a pedestal — I do the same things that everybody else does and always have. It seems to me that so many people are just lost, period. The most important thing to a lot of people is to belong to something that's hip or whatever. Some people just like going along for the ride, and those are the kind of people I don't get along with too well. I'd rather be driven." Ric agreed with observation that one can put a double meaning on the word, speaking as both a highway operator and, especially, an obsessive creator.

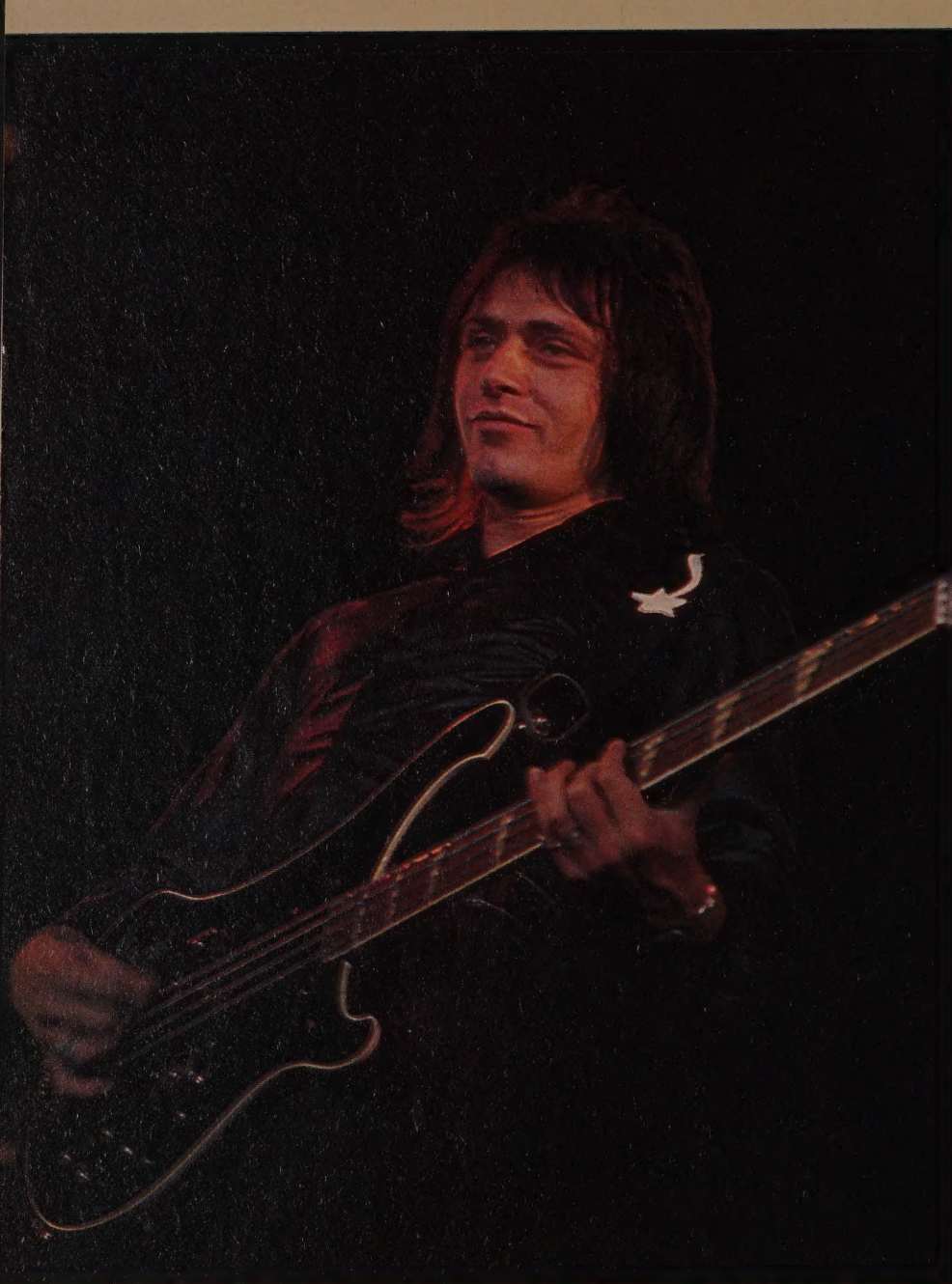
As the rest of the group trickled in to begin the rehearsal session that would last well into the night, Ric considered the roles of his fellow Cars. While Ocasek is without doubt the group's leader, since without his songs there would be no Cars, he refuses to wear a Svengali's cloak, with the other four members cast as automatic robots, following his instruction. "You know, this is not a calculating band. The band is capable of playing just about anything they want to. To me, calculating a song is like Barry Manilow. To be a hit, to be something or do something which has no substance. I feel at least that The Cars' material and playing has substance.



Proof that some Cars can play more than one instrument — Greg Hawkes on sax.

Another kinky Elliot Easton note —
with a concluding flourish.





Ben Orr hopes to be a musician someday.

"We don't have to fight about image and all those things. In fact, we don't pay much attention to it. We're just gonna be black and white onstage this year. David does the album covers, but he doesn't tell anybody how to dress, everybody has his own mind."

Five people, starkly dressed in black and white, surrounded by banks of equipment and amplifiers, gave the studio an air of unreality. With their pale skins and two-tone costumery, The Cars resembled dream figures, their quiet joking a necessary contrast and relief. The band's extreme appearance made the fevered dialogues and misty interchanges of Ocasek's material all the more disturbing.

As they travel on tour, they are clutched at more and more by fans, who imagine them living on some ethereal plane. Ric Ocasek experienced a typical example of this road mania, the kind that's bound to get even weirder as The Cars grow in

stature, last year when the band headlined Philadelphia's massive Spectrum. Ric had a rare free afternoon while the rest of the group was being chauffeured around to do radio station interviews, and took off for some window shopping. He raced past a crowd of fans camped in front of the plush hotel, escaped into a waiting taxicab and headed for South Street, a run-down section of the city with lots of original clothing and antique stores. After picking up a bunch of music magazines, most of which featured The Cars on the cover, Ric realized that getting back to the center of town was not going to be as easy as getting out.

Enter a pair of Cars fans, the guy, 18, and his girlfriend a year younger. They approached Ocasek, not believing that the Cars' most identifiable member would be cruising around by his lonesome, so ... touchable, and in need of a lift. They offered him a ride in a beat-up sedan,

complete with broken down doors. Figuring that the odds were against his being kidnapped in broad daylight, Ocasek accepted. The young lovely in the front seat got very excited about their acquisition, and was obviously turned-on. She told Ric about her wish that he'd write a song called *Whipped Cream and Furs*, and proceeded to describe, in graphic detail, a three-person sexual adventure she'd enjoyed the other night. Her boyfriend smiled indulgently, hoping this sophisticated chit-chat was making an impression. Ric remained silent, clocking up the dialogue as something he might use in a future song.

According to Ocasek, such overt expressions from the lust-for-kicks segment of their audience were nothing new. He mentioned the masses of people who turned out for the "Car Wash" promotional stunts held along the **Candy-O** tour, and had commented to one reporter about how the rest of the band was sought out by nubile females for their backstage showers, while he seemed to wind up with overweight guys! This time out the band needs no incentives to entrap their fans, and had been forced to pull the wall around themselves tighter than ever.

One group product that's evolved to deal with the pressure has been a communal dry sense of humor, coupled with a practical joke or two. When **Candy-O** was neck and neck for #1 with the Knack's debut album, Greg Hawkes found a life-size display model of California's Un-fab Four and slipped it under the covers of Ocasek's bed, giving him a rude shock when he returned from a gig. When the band passes one another on a street, they'd whisper "get the Knack" like a secret password, thoroughly confusing anyone accompanying them.

Ric's specialty has long been answering questions with nonsense, the absurdities calculated to drive an interviewer up the wall. Serious question: "On what level do you reach people?" Answer: "About nine or ten." Well, you had to have been there...

Another time, when The Cars played Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, probably the nation's meanest venue in terms of security abuse, Ocasek dryly told a pal who had been slammed with the backstage door, "oh, yeah, I told 'em to keep you out," all the while warmly greeting his visitor.

Ironically, The Cars continue to find inspiration in the sight of hungry new performers. "Because that's where it's important," said Ocasek. "I think the only creative things come off the streets and in clubs and from new bands, and everything most record companies do is totally reactionary. It's like collecting art — you have to go deeper than just looking at art magazines. A lot of times people want what they don't have so desperately, and when they do get it, there's no reason to want it anymore and they look for something else."

As Ric repeated his determination to pull himself through the ongoing legal crisis and, despite the inevitable hassling, go out, sans bodyguards, to shops and clubs whenever he wishes, he drifted over to strike a few chords on his black Gibson guitar, lavishly detailed with red automotive paint designs. Greg Hawkes, a tiny figure engulfed by his synthesizers, had opened a chanting rhythm and, gradually, the other Cars joined in, creating otherworldly harmonics that had little to do with this year's charts or next years' models. □

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WE READ YOUR MAIL

Each month Hit Parader receives letters either addressed to a recording artist or concerning an artist, requesting personal information. Whenever possible we answer those requests. However, in most cases the information is not at our disposal. Hit Parader suggests that fans interested in personal information on a certain recording artist send those requests to the record label or manager, whose address can be found on the back of the artist's most recent album. All other mail should be sent to us: Hit Parader, Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.



The Jam and New Wave — Love it or Leave it.

Dear Hit Parader,

I'm replying to the letter from George Woods from Boone, N.C. I'm 15 (same as he is but he acts like he's 2) and I couldn't believe my eyes when I read that no-good, filthy-rotten, low-down letter he wrote and you published in your Oct. '80 issue. Of course we all know it would take a no-good, filthy-rotten, low-down thing to write such a letter. If these groups you listed are so great how come you don't buy their records, huh? How come your brother has them all, huh? How come they never have #1 records, huh? Why does your brother have to tell you what to say in your letter, huh? You can't speak your own mind, huh? And by the way, as far as America is concerned, "DISCO DOES SUCK!" And if you want I'll even tell you what it sucks!! And you wanted a response and now you're gonna get cut down so low you could dangle your feet if you sat on a dime! OH! And your hot air is messing up the air worse than radiation and "album station" drivin' put together! **Hit Parader** has always been a great magazine and always will be and don't you ever forget it!! Anyway, from the day you were born you were a bum deal!!! H-U-U-U-U-H!!!!

**LET ROCK-N-ROLL LIVE
FOREVER!!!!**

Rajun' Cajuns
Thibodaux, Louisiana

P.S. I hope you print this letter because this guy is getting too big for his britches. Those of you who think you know it all, annoy us who do!!!!!! And that is directed to Georgie Porgie Puddin' n Pie whose head is made out of Wood which makes him a dummy! And that goes to any other BaBoones who live in Boone, N.C. and think the way he does! Now put that in your paper and smoke it. Anyway, my brother works with a rock-n-roll band. And in a few years you'll see them on the cover of **Hit Parader, Rolling Stone, Song Hits, Creem**, and every other rock-n-roll magazine that hits the country!

**LONG LIVE THE
COONASSES AND
ROCK-N-ROLL!!!!!!!!**

Dear Hit Parader:

What are the older groups doing now? Groups like Creedence Clearwater Revival, Steppenwolf, Three Dog Night, The Doors, etc. Why don't you run some articles on them?

Laura O'Leary
Somerville, Ma.

Dear Laura:

Hit Parader is considering a series on bands of the '50s and '60s who have "disappeared." We'll wait a couple of months for some reader response to your letter and then decide.

Editor

Dear Hit Parader:

Your frequent work on the only band that matters, the CLASH, is really appreciated. I love the CLASH and I'm glad that your magazine is intelligent enough to realize just how great the CLASH are. Joe is cute and cool. Mick is tuff and great. Paul is lanky. Topper is not a dork. (Only true CLASH fans will understand that.) Please print more and more stories, and I agree with Mick — newer pictures are needed.

Staying free,
Mary Ann Levine
Huntington, Quebec
Canada

Dear Hit Parader:

Would you please put a poster of Gary Numan in your magazine. Does he ever smile?

Julie Miller
East Freedom, Pa.

Dear Hit Parader:

I'd like to congratulate George Woods of N.C. for having a good ear for music and an older brother. I, too, have an older brother who introduced me to the incredible world of the Ramones, Elvis Costello, Patti Smith, the Undertones, the Records, the Jam, Squeeze, the Specials, the Members, the Sex Pistols, the Buzzcocks, Stiff Little Fingers, the Vapors, Talking Heads, Tom Petty, Tom Verlaine and Nervus Rex, just to name a few of the incredible bands and artists out today. Since I've been a part of this music the thought of Boston revolts me. How can a band get away with recording two albums that sound almost exactly the same, and become popular? And good ol' Charlie D. and his fiddle. I mean where'd they pick him up, in some barnyard dance in Georgia? What about those deadheads. I mean their heads must be dead if they can sit through 30 seconds of that crap!! There is no way that those groups could compare to the Punk/New Wave sounds of today. So c'mon all you tone deaf Southern rockers and dead heads. Your music is dead. Ours is newly born. The music is here. Discover it before it's too late.

Sue Murillo
Levittown, N.Y.

CELEBRITY RATE-A-RECORD

by Charley Crespo

WITH RICK DERRINGER

With this issue, we begin a new monthly column, in which we ask musicians, producers and other members of the music industry to examine new records from a professional perspective. Generally, our critic of the month has played songs he or she has not yet heard, and is asked to just talk about it, knowing that these are off-the-cuff, initial impressions.

This month, we went to Rick Derringer's beautiful duplex in Greenwich Village, where we let him select what he wanted to hear from a stack of recent singles. He was not allowed to pick from his latest LP, Face To Face. We listened through four foot JBL speakers while watching General Hospital (without sound) on Rick's color TV. The following comments are Derringer's.



"The producer's job is not just to get sounds, he has to produce all the way to the end."

The Rossington Collins Band: Don't Misunderstand Me

It's a good song. I hear this band is great live. I've heard stuff off the album that sounds better. It doesn't sound like a hit. The hook is not as strong as radio needs it to be. It rambles and the changes are meaningless. They're great playing, and they sing real good. If they had the Eagles singing pretty choruses, it would have a chance. It may be underproduced for top 40 radio. It will be interesting to see if it hits.

Alice Cooper: Talk Talk

I think Alice's records are weird lately. One would think that with the highly paid, hippest, sought-after producer (Roy Thomas Baker), they'd be guaranteed to come up with something phenomenal. There's no denying that Alice is hard working and a sometimes creative artist. Putting these two guys together should have been something unbelievable, but instead the record sounds like they don't know what direction to go in, and so it loses power and credibility. Baker is an excellent producer. I like that low drum thing that keeps happening. The producer's job, though, is not just to get sounds; he has to produce all the way to the end.

Scott Wilk and the Walls: Suspicion

I like it. It's pretty good. It sounds like old Roy Thomas Baker, kinda Cars-ish. It

lost me in the middle, when it drifted for about 25 seconds before the song came back in. This is one of those records that will make it all the way to the top or not at all. It won't make it to #80, it'll be #3 or #199. I like it. It has all the right influences, all the right ingredients.

Rodney and the Brunettes: Little G.T.O.

It actually contained the loudest part of any record we've played so far; that's the first time the red lights on my amp went on. This does not sound like a hit (laugh), but they're exciting and had a good time recording this. It sounds alive, a lot of fun. I like it. Rodney Bingenheimer's got a lot of balls. It's also the first record to get our attention before I put it on the turntable because of the graffiti scratched right on the record.

Ronnie Spector: Darlin'

If they cut the guitar, this record would have a gigantic chance of being a monster hit record. The guitar was from another world, it didn't seem to fit. The record is a classic, but that was definitely not a classic guitar. I could see it going from the previous chorus right into the bridge. She's a living legend. Ronnie was great years ago, and she's alive now. That song is rocking.

B-52s: Private Idaho

This sounds like the B-52s are falling into the trap of remaking their hit single, *Rock Lobster*. Everybody liked the first record. I think the lobster water concept visually was more positive than this Idaho/potato concept. This one is depressing and negative, where people are trying to escape, while *Rock Lobster* sounded like it was inviting you in. The B-52s have a great beat, and I've got a lot of respect for them.

Mink DeVille: Bad Boys

I love Mink DeVille. They are great live, but it would not be a smart bet that this record will be a hit (laugh). This is not an obvious hit. On the other hand, it is a great song and you can never predict what will happen. It's not the typical top 40 arrangement of an old song. Willy DeVille sounds great on this, almost like a girl, really cool, very European sounding.

Nina Hagen Band: African Reggae

It's a good thing this is in German because it sounds like it must be obscene. If we knew what it meant, it might be controversial. This should be big in discos, a good sounding record. It's the best hi-fi record we played today. German studios sound great. It's got a pretty intricate arrangement. I doubt that it's going to be top 40. □

Genesis: Turn It On Again

I like it. The first time I heard it, I thought it was John Waite, the Babys meet Yes. Genesis gets more commercial all the time. This is thin sounding on a home stereo, but radio doesn't usually transmit low bottom. It seems a little long. It'll sound real good on the radio.

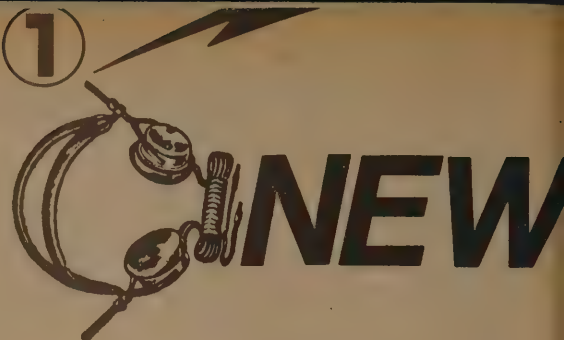
Pretenders: Kid

If this is a re-release, maybe it'll be the hit. It should have been the first time around. It's more hi-fi sounding than the Genesis record. It's a good song, and a good performance. I like it. It's nice and short. Good performances by everybody. Everyone likes Chrissie Hynde nowadays.

一億総シンセ時代到来!!

何と僅か860gの登場! ウォーク・シンセ

①



エレクトロ・ハーモニックス ミニ・シンセサイザー MODEL EH0400

いやはや、アメリカという国は一体何が飛び出してくるか分らない所だ。世界を破壊に導く原爆が飛んでくるのは困るけれど、ここに紹介する嬉しい楽器なら大歓迎だ。とにかく、このミニ・シンセは本当に本物のシンセサイザーなのである。そのうえ、僅か860gと軽量、スピーカー内蔵、バッテリー作動(DC 9V/006P×2、またはACアダプター)、プリント・キー等々の特長があげられる。要するに、手軽に持ち運べ弾く場所を選ばないという事で海、山、公園は勿論、トイレの中でも歩きながらでも、寝ながらでも、車の中でも等々と、実に広範囲に渡っているの嬉しい限り。また、裏面のアウト・ブット・ジャックにアンプを接続すればパワフル・サウンドもバッチリで、ギタリスト同様、ステージで派手に動きながらのソロもOK。アウト・ドア、イン・ドアの両方ともOKというから実に泣ける。

では実際に機能性の方はどうであろうか。読者諸君の中にはシンセサイザーといえは、「高価で手が出ないもんね」とか、「ボク、メカニクには弱いよ!」とか、「先天的に鍵盤楽器は弾けないのだ!」とか誤った先入感を持った人が多いと思うが、このミニ・シンセはそれらのイメージを完全にぶち壊して

しまった。何といっても、プレイヤー・サイドからみてセルロイド紙にプリントされたキーは驚きであろう。このプリント・キーは電卓の液晶スイッチと同様、タッチ・センスで軽く触れるだけで音が出る仕組みになっている。ゆえに、ピアノの様に肉体的訓練(運指etc)を積まなければダメ!という様な事はなく、指でプリント・キーをなぞるだけで既にキーボード歴10年に匹敵しちゃうかもね!?例えば、低音を押さえておき高音部くり返しリリースすれば、いわゆる驚異的なフレージングもバッチリ可能だ。備えている機能はごく簡単であり、カラフルなスライド・スイッチを写真左側より説明してみます。

☆オクターブ

このスイッチによりオクターブの切り換がいとも簡単に出来ちゃうのだ。

☆ピッチ・ベンド・スライダー: その名の通り上下にスライドさせる事によりピッチの調整、そしてリード・ギター顔負けのチョーキング・ニュアンス(ベンド効果)などをかもし出せる。

☆サブ・オクターブ: このバーをスライドさせる事によりオクターブ下の音がブレンドでき、重低音のコントロールが可能。

☆フェイズ&フェイズ・レート: フェイズを

ONにするとコーラス効果が得られ、かかり具合はフェイズ・レートをスライドする事によりOK! また、フェイズをOFFにするとフェイズ・レート・バーがトーン・コントロール・バーに早変わり。

さて、これらのバーはあくまでも音を創るうえでのサポートの役割にすぎないが、これから説明するVCFセクションこそ、このミニ・シンセの切り札ともいえるべき強力な武器なのだ。まず、スウィープ・スタート・フリークエンシーとスウィープ・ストップ・フリークエンシーで決められた音色を、スウィープ・レートでコントロールした時間でスウィープできるユニークさ。という事は、プレイ中スウィープ・ストップ・フリークエンシー・バーを動かせばアタックは決まった音色で始めると同時、音色の変化を暗くしたり明るくしたりといった芸も可能。さて、スイッチ(ブルー部)の説明をしてみましょう。

☆インパクト・センサー・ON/OFF: このスイッチの切り換によりフィルターにタッチ・センサーが接続される。

☆2X フィルター: 切り換によりVCFにサブ・フィルターが加わり人の声に似た音色が得られる。

☆Q: フィルターのレゾナンス(共鳴)の鋭さ(強弱)を切り換る。

とにかく、コンパクトなボディからは想像出来ない程パワフルな音色が出てくるのでブツまげろ。あえて言うなら、オーバー・ハイムに代表される極太の音色とでもいおうか、さすがにロックの国アメリカ産ならではの音色だ。最少限のコントロールで最大限の効果が得られる歴史に残る!! このミニ・シンセをどう使いこなすかは君のアイデア次第だ。ちなみに価格の方は¥49,000とメチャ安。

輸入・発売元はユニークなアタッチメントでおなじみのエレクトロ・ハーモニックス社。



New Product Review
by ROCK STEADY, August, 1980
the leading rock & roll magazine in JAPAN

Translated from ROCK STEADY:

ONE MILLION TOTAL SYNTH PERIOD ARRIVE!?

WHAT! ONLY WEIGHING 860G! WALKING SYNTH COMING UP!

Electro-Harmonix, MINISYNTHESIZER Model EH-0400

Nobody predicts what kind of merchandise America produces. They made Atomic bombs to destroy mankind which were not welcome to world. But this is different product. It is pleasure to introduce here a musical instrument.

This is Minisynthesizer anyway this Minisynthesizer is real Synthesizer. However, only weighing 860 g. It has own speaker, batteries operated (DC 9v/006PX2 or AC adaptor) and printed keys are in the board which are special feature of instrument.

MINISYNTHESIZER is easy to carry in-door and out-door such as sea, mountain, park, bathroom, hiking, walking, bedroom and in the car etc. Not only that MINISYNTHESIZER can be played through the outside of amplifier and speaker by connecting the output jack to MINISYNTHESIZER which makes powerful sound as a stage guitarist.

So what is the function of MINISYNTHESIZER? Readers of this article think that MINISYNTHESIZER must be very expensive to purchase or I am weak for mechanic and no musical talent to play. But this is wrong preconception. Nevertheless, this MINISYNTHESIZER broke all such imaginations completely.

From the player side, you will surprise to see printed keys in celluloid paper board. This printed keys are same as electric table liquid crystal (so called touch sense)—just touch lightly—you can hear the sound so it is quite different from heavy piano play as physical exercise or finger exercise. MINISYNTHESIZER is just touch the keys with your fingers then you feel as have played for ten years expert.

For example, press low volume some times press high volume repeat and release, MINI produce colorful sounds—the function is simple but the production of sounds is great like color pictures.

Explanation from left with color slides:

Octave: Depends with switch turning control can be simple.

Pitch Bend Slider: Just like this name—upper and lower slides turning control or lead guitar checking or sound effects etc.

Sub Octave: When slides this bar possibly lower sound can be controlled.

Phase & Phase Lead: When the Phase switch is "ON" can get chorus effects. When Phase switch is "OFF" changes tone speedily.

All these bars are support for production of sound.

The next six controls all affect the MINISYNTHESIZER's filter to change the tone of the sound. The filter can be swept, starting at the frequency set on the SWEEP START control, and stopping at the frequency set on the SWEEP STOP control. SWEEP RATE controls the time it takes for the complete sweep. Higher settings produce longer sweep times. If the two frequency controls are in the same position, there will be no sweep, just a tone change. The tone can be changed when the filter is not sweeping just by moving the SWEEP STOP control.

Impact Sensor ON/OFF: Depends when this switch changes filter touch-sense can be connected.

2X Filter: Turns VCT when change of subfilter add second filter can get similar to a human voice.

How can you imagine this small compacted body can produce such a powerful and colorful sound?

We can say, Rock Country of America produces over harmony and maximum color sound!

MINISYNTHESIZER is minimum control musical instrument and maximum effect which will remain in History?

How you can use this MINISYNTHESIZER? Is up to your idea.

Price is now Y 49,000. Very Cheap
Imported sales at your kindly store.

**Robert Plant
and his favorite
groupie
relaxing
after a show.**



Bob Leafe

"So what if I haven't had a hit I've still got three years to go on my contract."



Michael Kagan/RETNA

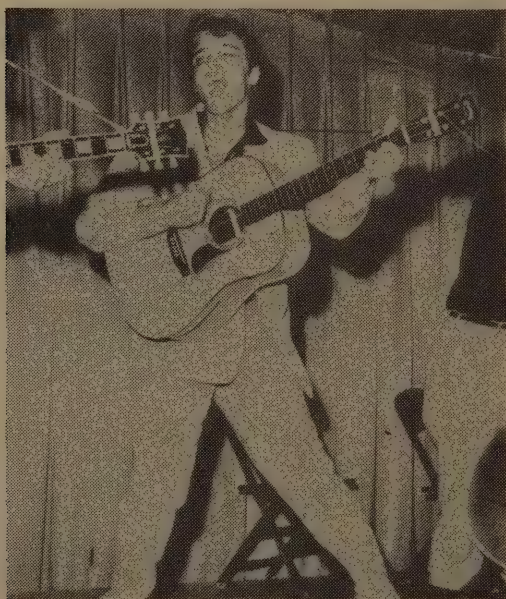
Amanda Blue of Spider smokin' on stage.



Sheri Lynn Behr

"If you don't give me my toys back I'm going to tell my mommy."

ROCK AND ROLL REVUE



The King of Rock and Roll as a Young Man.



Bob Mathieu

The Pretenders welcoming the Republican Convention to Detroit.



John and Yoko outside the Hit Factory where he's been working on a new LP.

David McCough/RETNA



Bob Maheu

Eagle Glenn Frey raising Bob Seger's arm at recent concert, scattering front row patrons to the upper balcony.



John Belushi and Margo Kidder in L.A. — there's no truth to the rumor that Belushi is playing Superman in the sequel.

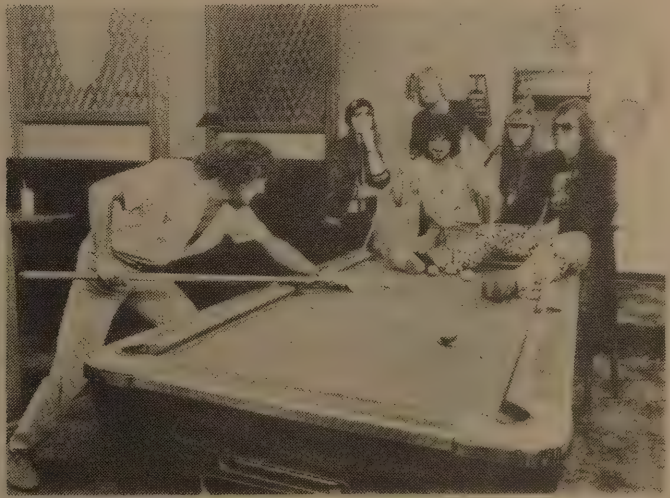


Is it live or is it Spandex — Twisted Sister stalling for time (get it, stalling for time).



Bob Leafie

"Who listens to the words, it's the beat that counts" — Wendy Williams of the Plasmatics.



Photographed At Aunt Charley's

Nantucket knocking those balls around and just showing off.

BEHIND THE SCENES

RADIO: THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT

This has not always been the case. Radio and record labels have had a symbiotic and profitable relationship for decades, and listeners have always profited from that relationship. The familial relationship between the two actually became incestuous in 1960 when Alan Freed and Dick Clark were called to task for their related roles as disc jockeys and record company workers. For years, both industries expanded and there was plenty of pie for everyone. When the market stopped growing a few years ago, record companies' precarious dependence on radio became apparent. Warner Brothers

"It's harder now to get a record played on a station than ever before."

by Jeffrey Peisch

According to the latest figures from the Radio Advertising Bureau, 1980 will be the most profitable year ever for radio. Advertising sales in the first six months of the year were up over 30 percent compared to the same period for 1979. And the second six-months of a year, with ads for new cars and Christmas presents, is traditionally better than the first half. "The radio industry is racing right through the recession," concluded *Variety*, in a recent story.

Yet if you talk to a fan outside any rock show these days, or to an A&R or promotion man from any record company, they'll tell you that radio is in bad shape. "Radio is very unhealthy," said Steve Leeds, one of the most successful independent promotion men on the east coast. Leeds' job is to get records played on radio stations, and he says that it's harder now to get a record played on a station than ever before.

So how can radio be having its best year ever and be unhealthy at the same time? Simple. The people that are calling radio

great and the people that are calling it sick measure the success of radio by completely different standards. To the owners of radio stations, success means money. To the rock fan and to the record labels, success means creative programming and exposure to a wide variety of artists.

The plain truth is that radio stations are not run by music people, but by business people who don't care about exposing new artists and playing a wide variety of music. "Radio is a business, not a medium for music," said Leeds. "Radio's attitude is: 'We're not here to sell records, we're here to get ratings. And if, in the process, we sell records, wonderful. But if not, too bad. We'll play the hits and what we have to.' If all-talk radio becomes the solution to economic survival, then that's what will happen."

The domination of all-talk radio is probably not in the near future, but the point should not be ignored: Radio may play a lot of hits, but it does not have our best interests in mind.

Records executive Stan Cornyn predicted the panic to come when he said two years ago, "What are we going to do when radio dies?" Radio has hardly died (it's having its best year, remember?); it has hopped out of the record company bed and is on its own. "The radio and records family is splitting," said Leeds. "It's every man for himself."

Guess who loses? You, the listener.

The most important concern of a radio programmer is the ratings, which come four times a year. Called the ARBs or simply "the book" (compiled by the Arbitron Company), the ratings, if low, can mean a change of format literally overnight. With the ever-present worry of a "low book" in the "next quarter," programmers have taken to carefully programming air time down to the last minute. Using computers and sophisticated call-out research methods, programmers try to stay abreast with every latest trend. But, as Dick Wingate, an Epic Records A&R scout said, "there aren't necessarily trends in music, the trends are in radio and radio creates them."



New acts like Ali Thomson become stars with one hit single...



...while the Ramones, who perform before thousands in concerts, struggle to get airplay.



If radio would play multi-platinum acts like Foreigner a little less...



...critically acclaimed underdogs like the Gang of Four could get played more.

The research that radio conducts, however, is passive. Rather than sift through all new releases and pick out what they think is best, most programmers immediately discard anything new or unproven and only go with what is popular. This way the programmers please their listeners for a while and may gain high ratings, but because they play the hits into the ground, a new batch of hits materializes (often from exposure on college stations or very small-market stations) and radio is caught pounding last month's hits. Then they catch on to the new hits and it starts all over again. This is why, if you look at radio playlists over a 12-month period, it seems as though a new trend has completely overtaken the market every six weeks. (Just in the last 18 months, we've gone through disco, power pop, adult/contemporary and heavy metal.) In reality, though, disco is still around, as is power pop and A/C. All the trends are always around. To listen to radio you wouldn't know this.

"I don't think most of the programmers have a fucking clue about what they're going to be playing in the next week," said Wingate. "They're waiting for the tip sheets to tell them what to do; they're reacting instead of acting. Radio is always trying to catch up rather than take the lead."

The champion of modern radio research is Lee Abrams, whose firm, Burkhart/Abrams/Michaels/Douglas & Associates, consults close to 100 FM rock stations and 200 stations in total. Although Abrams offers all kinds of services to many stations, he designs an airtight playlist for dozens of stations, he designs programmers to play specific songs at specific times throughout the day. And it works. Abrams' "Superstars" stations are very successful, and Abrams, at 29, is recognized as a genius. "But," as Dave Einstein, program director at WHFS in Washington, D.C. said, "his success is recognized but he's not respected at all. As

far as knowing anything about the music he's programming, I think everyone realizes he's got tin ears." Tin ears or not, according to Leeds, it's impossible to break a new artist on radio without the support of Burkhart/Abrams.

Aside from consulting radio stations, Burkhart/Abrams also advises artists as to how to design their music for maximum "radio acceptance." These artists' records are, of course, available to the stations that Burkhart/Abrams consults. Success of an Abrams-advised album on radio (perhaps on Abrams-consulted stations) can only help the relationship between all parties involved.

As if this weren't enough, Abrams recently produced his first LP (Gentle Giant's *Civilian*) and plans to do more. Although the album was not a smash success, Abrams' opportunities for guiding the success of an LP he produces should be obvious. He makes no attempt to hide these interrelationships and has even filed conflict of interest documents with the federal government. But, as critic Dave Marsh said, Abrams' machinery has the tone of "1984-style" radio.

It should be pretty obvious that Abrams and other "radio doctors" are screwing us. Only occasionally will radio play new and unproven acts. And once something clicks radio bangs it "like a dead horse," according to Wingate. As a sort-of self-fulfilling prophecy, the hits that the radio plays do indeed sell. But aren't we being cheated into thinking that the stuff on radio is the only thing available? With over 9,000 radio stations, shouldn't we be able to survey all the various music being created? And it's not just the Sex Pistols and the Gang of Four that aren't getting played. Bluegrass and other indigenous music has been given a raw deal by radio also.

This brings us back to where we started. Radio doesn't owe us anything. And, as Bill Hard, an Abrams alumni who now

publishes the Hard Report tip sheet said, "radio doesn't need to give new bands exposure. The most exciting radio from a John Q. Public's standpoint is when he's hearing new music from established acts. When there's plenty of that, a programmer just extends his liability by adding a new band. And why should (a programmer) play a wide variety of music, simply to gain record company favor or to gain a reputation as a hip person?"

Not only does this conservative policy limit the chances of a debut record by a new band, but it lowers the chances of a new band being signed by a record company. "We can't let radio call our shots," said Wingate, "otherwise the most creative artists would never find the light of day. But we have to have radio in mind when we sign an artist."

Unfortunately, records are so dependent on radio that even the alternative methods of giving a band exposure — the burgeoning club scene, for example — can only help a group marginally. The Ramones have traversed the country a dozen times during the last five years and have never sold close to 100,000 LPs, because they're rarely on the radio. Yet a new singer like Ali Thomson, who's never toured, achieves instant stardom — and sales — with one hit single, *Take A Little Rhythm*. The definition of breaking an artist is getting his or her record played on the radio.

Is there any hope? If radio makes money playing Foreigner ten times a day, couldn't they just as easily play Foreigner nine times and someone else once. Wouldn't the audience even like it? "Sure, but that's creative programming," says Wingate. "That takes talent and a lot of thought; there's only a few people like that left in the country." Radio seems to be filled with jocks that once lived and died for radio and now look at their work as just a job. "Being a jock is not something I throw myself into anymore," said one who asked not to be identified. "It's a way to make money." □

THE HEAVY METAL SWEEPSTAKES

by Andy Secher

Heavy-metal has always been more than just a musical style. For many rock fans it has become a way of life. More than any other contemporary form, heavy-metal draws a dedicated cult of "headbangers" who revel in the instrumental nuances as well as the sheer unadulterated power of the medium. Since its earliest days, when rock titans like the Yardbirds, the Who and Jimi Hendrix first turned their amps up to "overdrive", heavy-metal has reigned as popular music's most visible and hallowed symbol. Today, though, there's a new sound in the air, the sound of a new generation of metal mashers who have taken the time-honored traditions of Zeppelin, Purple and Sabbath and transformed them into a revitalized product that seems to be on the verge of once again conquering the rock world. Yes, let the faint of heart beware, the heavy-metal renaissance has begun!

Here's an inside look at four of the most noteworthy members of the new heavy-metal hierarchy — Iron Maiden, Krokus, Saxon, and Def Leppard. We've gazed into our crystal ball to give you the up-to-the-minute odds of each band's chances for success in this new version of "The Heavy Metal Sweepstakes."

DEF LEPPARD — This un-

usually named English band is currently at the forefront of the hard rock revival that is sweeping through the British Isles. With a sound that depends on sledge-hammer guitar chords and crazed vocal forays to deliver its musical punches, band members Joe Elliott (vocals), Rick Savage (bass), Rick Allen (drums),

Steve Clark and Pete Willis (guitars), have created a debut album, **On Through The Night**, that brilliantly conveys their fire-and-brimstone message. Such song titles as *Wasted*, *Rock Brigade*, and *When The Walls Came Tumbling Down*, give an accurate view of this band's rock philosophies.

"I really don't like to call us a

heavy-metal band," said Joe Elliott. "I prefer to think of us more as a heavy-rock band that likes to riff but likes a bit of melody as well. We're a working band, and we're proud of that. We want to play as loud and as often as possible, and if anyone can't take what we play, then let 'em listen to the bleedin' Bee Gees."

ODDS FOR SUCCESS: 2-1

With *Rock Brigade* getting both "AM" and "FM" radio airplay, Def Leppard seems like a sure bet to make it big in the heavy-metal sweepstakes.

SAXON — Saxon plays rock & roll with all the subtlety of a Roberto Duran left hook, and all the charm of a Sherman Tank. From the first raunchy chords of *Motorcycle Man* to the last frenzied notes of *Machine Gun*, their debut album, **Wheels Of Steel**, is guaranteed to kill fungus on nearby walls and turn prepubescent brains into guava jam. While Saxon makes no pretensions to the instrumental skills of Iron Maiden or the melodic sophistication of Def Leppard, they seem eminently content to blow their fans away with the ultimate in metallic mayhem — and for



Iron Maiden 3-1



Def Leppard 2-1

true HM freaks that's still what it's all about.

"We don't fool around when we play," the band's lead vocalist Biff said. "We feel that our job is to take all the frustrations of everybody in the audience and turn that energy into music, and we do that better than anybody. We thrive on volume and energy. Even when 'new wave' was at its peak, we were playing metal. Now that it's back in style, we're playing louder and harder than ever."

ODDS FOR SUCCESS: 5-1 Saxon will surely get their cult, but they may just be too heavy for anyone not possessing a full frontal lobotomy.

KROKUS — "Our name comes from a flower that grows in the valleys back home in Switzerland," Krokus' lead vocalist Marc Storace said. "Our fans go out and pick them. Then they take them home, dry them out, and smoke 'em. It's an incredible high. In fact, when you listen to our music in that state, there's nothing better in this world. We are the Swiss hard rock band, and anyone who's seen us perform knows that we've captured the essence of rock & roll in our music. We've taken parts of all the best acts from Chuck Berry to the Beatles to Led Zeppelin, and created our own unique sound."

While, in fact, Switzerland has always been more renowned for its fine chocolates than for its ability to



Krokus 8-1

produce top-flight rock & roll bands, the emergence of Krokus as a legitimate contender in the heavy metal sweepstakes has changed all that. Rallying around Storace's wailing vocals, and the booming guitar riffs of Tommy Klefer and Fernando von Arb, Krokus is a band that obviously studied their rock & roll lessons well. Their first State-side album, **Metal Rendez-vous**, is a fiery amal-

gamation of classic wall-shaking riffs. While their material is often a little too reminiscent of the work of middle-period Deep Purple or early Zeppelin, on numbers like *Heatstrokes* and *Tokyo Nights* they display just enough originality and talent to be considered a major new heavy-metal attraction.

ODDS FOR SUCCESS: 8-1 As we said, a little too familiar sounding in spots, but then,

isn't imitation the sincerest form of flattery?

IRON MAIDEN — It was once believed that this five-man English band had taken their strange name as a direct put-down of England's staunch Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, but as bassist Steve Harris likes to tell it, "Actually, the name comes from an ancient device that was used for torturing infidels during the glory days of our beloved Empire." With that sort of tradition, Iron Maiden can't help from being the most popular new heavy-metal band throughout Europe. After four years of honing their sound to a cutting sharpness in every bar and club in their native London, the band released their self-titled album to rave reviews. A listen to cuts such as *Running Free* and *Strange World* will give you plenty of evidence why.

"Heavy metal's never been away," Harris said. "It's just been waiting for the right band to come along and give it a kick in the ass. We're a heavy-metal band with punk attitudes, and that's why anyone who says metal is the sound of the past is nuts. When we play it, it's the sound of the future."

ODDS FOR SUCCESS: 3-1 Perhaps Maiden more than any other new HM band carries on the noble traditions of the form. When Steve Harris says, "We'll be the next metal superstars," it's tough to doubt his words. □



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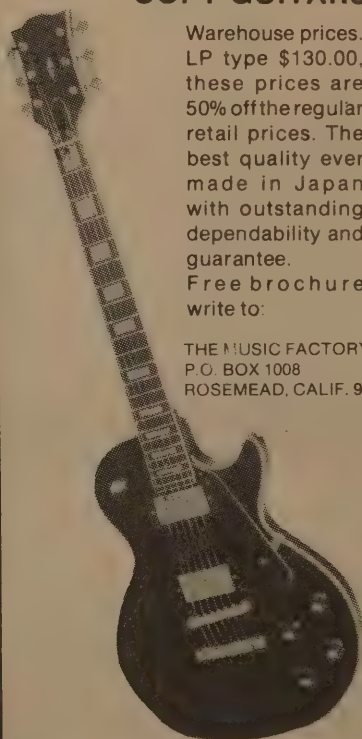
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

by Charley Crespo

GENESIS

Phil Collins of Genesis and sometimes of Brand X recently completed his first solo album in Los Angeles, and UNICEF, the international children's organization of the United Nations, arranged for a choir of children to sing on one track.

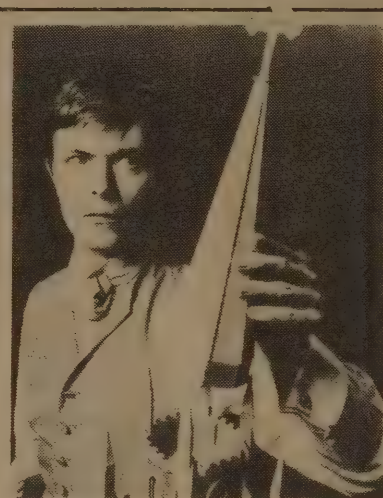
The use of the children comes shortly after Genesis' benefit concert for UNICEF at the 3400 seat Capitol Theater in Passaic, New Jersey, just outside of New York City. Genesis played all arenas on its 1980 tour, except for a show at the 1000 capacity Roxy (benefiting several local hospitals) and the Capitol show.

"Originally, we thought that in the major places on the U.S. tour, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, maybe Philadelphia, we'd do the arena first and then the club," said guitarist/bassist Mike Rutherford at a post-concert party for Genesis in Madison Square Garden's Penn Plaza Club. "In Los Angeles we did the Roxy, but in New York, we couldn't find a club that had the right size stage or the correct volume."



"The closest we could find was the Bottom Line, but we did the Capitol instead, which didn't have quite the same vibe as the Roxy, but it was a good show."

At the party, the members of Genesis were awarded gold albums for its most recent LP, **Duke**. Also in attendance at the party were Eddie Jobson, who recently left the band U.K. to work on a project with Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson (which turned into the realization of a new Jethro Tull featuring Jobson), Ian Lloyd and Nona Hendryx, formerly of Labelle and now fronting her own Zero Cool.



DAVID BOWIE

David Bowie as a grotesque side show freak? That's what the English rock star is playing as the lead in **The Elephant Man**, Bernard Pomerance's Tony Award winning drama, at the Boston Theater on Broadway. Bowie and a touring company won rave reviews in Denver and Chicago, but the Broadway engagement was a monumental step in his career, requiring three weeks rehearsal for a part he already knew.

The role of John Merrick, the Victorian "elephant man" saved from side show exhibitions through surgery, was originally played by young English actor Phillip Anglum, who also won Tony Awards for his performance. In the story, young Merrick becomes the toast of London society, and is befriended by an actress who shows him warmth and humanity.

Bowie trained and performed in England with Lindsay Kemp's mime troupe during the late 60s. In 1976, he starred in Nicholas Roeg's film, **The Man Who Fell To Earth**, and will soon be seen with Marlene Dietrich in **Just A Gigolo**.

Meanwhile, the English singer's long awaited **Scary Monsters** has been released, featuring guest performances by the Who's Pete Townshend, Roy Bittan of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band and Robert Fripp. The first single, **Ashes To Ashes**, marked the return of Major Tom, a character Bowie first introduced in **Space Oddity**, his first American hit single. **Scary Monsters** contains the hardest rock that Bowie has released in years.

PETER CRISS

"This is *my* baby," Peter Criss said of his new solo album, **Out Of Control**, "and I never worked so hard in my life."

Strong words from the Brooklyn native who spent nine years behind cat-face greasepaint drumming for Kiss. Musical frustrations led Criss to leave Kiss upon the release of **Kiss Unmasked**. He has since been replaced by Eric Carr, a/k/a The Fox.

"It was time to take off the cat-mask," explained Criss. "I've matured over the years, and I needed to make music that reflects my feelings."

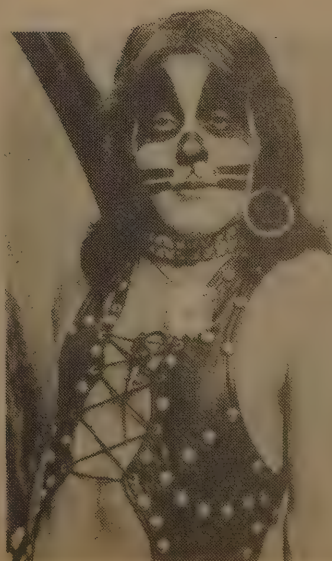
Not that he's left Kiss behind. Criss revealed that *Beth*, the soft romantic ballad that became Kiss' first gold single and won him a People's Choice Award, was really a solo effort. The story is almost identical to Paul McCartney's *Yesterday* when he was in the Beatles.

"I went into the studio with a 25 piece orchestra," he now confesses, "but none of the other guys wanted to sing a romantic song. So, I finished it up by myself."

Out Of Control features Criss as a singer, songwriter, drummer, arranger and producer, in a light dissimilar to the visually outrageous Kiss. He is still part of the Kiss organization, however, and recently jammed with the "new Kiss" at Gene Simmons birthday bash at a New York roller rink.

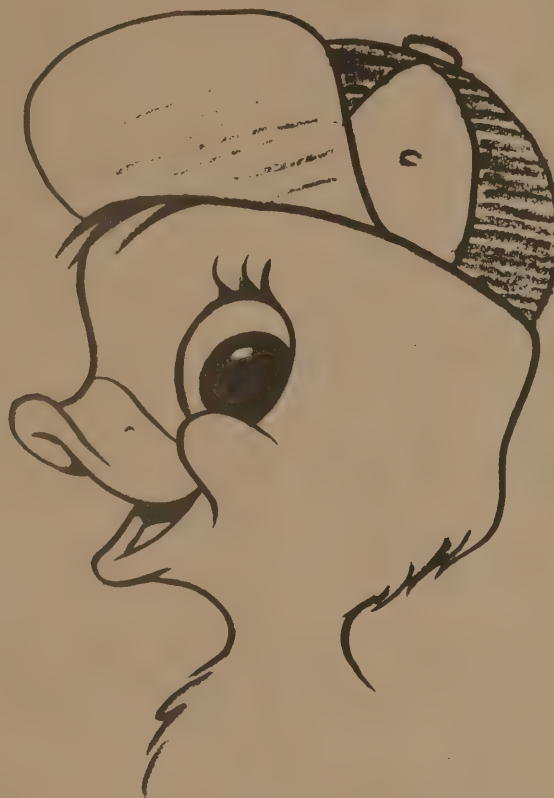
"The singer I respect the most is Sinatra," Criss admits. "Songs with real emotions are important. I put as much pain into my songs as I have. When I was doing my first solo lp, I was going through a divorce that was really hard. This time, I was going through a divorce from the band. I put a lot of heartache and hard times into this lp. People have told me they've cried and gotten goosebumps on some of these songs — and between you and me, that's what music is about."

Criss is enjoying the pleasures and the pains of married life once again. He recently married Debra Svensk, the Coppertone tan model. Pass the tanning butter this way, Peter.



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RECORD REVIEWS

by Roy Trakin

MINK DeVILLE Le Chat Bleu

From the streets of the Lower East Side to the boulevards of Paris, Willy DeVille travelled a long and winding road for this, his third album, which has finally been released here by Capitol after a long delay. Recorded in Paris, **Le Chat Bleu** might just be the finest work yet by Mink DeVille (Willy's band), the LP that finally proves that he is more than just the sum of his '50s R&B influences. Co-writing three songs with the legendary Doc Pomus, who penned the immortal *Save The Last Dance For Me* and countless others for the likes of Elvis Presley, Otis Redding and the Drifters, Willy DeVille simultaneously pays tribute to his urban roots just as surely as he transcends them. From the opening flourish of *This Must Be The Night* through the latin percussion and police whistles of *Slow Drain* to the swelling string arrangement (courtesy of Jean Claude Petit) that marks the finale, *Heaven Stood Still*, Willy DeVille stands tall as one of the great white interpreters of rhythm & blues.

Unlike '50s revivalists like Robert Gordon or Rob Stoner, DeVille doesn't seek to mimic his sources. He sounds authentic. While Willy growls and snarls on tracks like *Lipstick Traces*, he purrs on ballads like *The World Outside*, *You Just Keep Holding On* and *Just To Walk That Little Girl Home*, the three Pomus-DeVille collaborations, and the standard *Bad Boy*. DeVille may be enamoured of the '50s' soulfulness which marks his roots, but the vocal style remains uniquely his own.



MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS Metro Music

Toronto has more bookstores per block than any city I've ever been to, as well as a winding coastline filled with beaches, so it doesn't surprise me that it should produce an intellectual party band like Martha and the Muffins. **Metro Music** is the big beat dance sound for disaffected, middle-class white kids who have just discovered the means to express themselves, and isn't that what rock 'n' roll has always been about?

This wacky sextet, featuring Martha Johnson and Martha Lady on vocals, plays an effervescent brand of pop with the kind of regional pride that marks similar efforts from Athens, Georgia, to Santa Monica, California. Even the LP cover sports a topographic map of the Queen of Cities, just so you know what the gals and guys are singing about.



Saved from preciousness by their bouncy blitheness, Martha and the Muffins recall a wide range of other bands, but never seem to be mere imitators as they manage to strike a personal chord throughout. On *Indecision*, they communicate life's vagaries with succinct charm: "I wish I could be decisive/Then I'd understand where life is going/For me." With sprightly sax, synth-like drums and pumping keyboards, the music has no problem finding a direction its progenitors claim to lack.

At times, as on the impossibly poppy *Cheesies and Gum*, the music threatens to become as sticky as its title, but, overall, **Metro Music** is an impressive synthesis of New Wave influences on a debut which is easily one of the finest of the year. Hop, don't walk!

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PAT BENATAR Crimes Of Passion

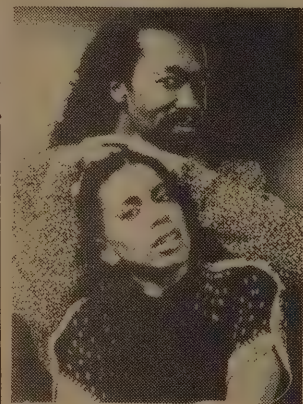
If the previously male-dominated heavy metal of the '70s was not affectionately dubbed "cock-rock" by some ardent feminists, what are we male liberationists to make of this new LP by "reluctant sex symbol" Pat Benatar? Is this the onset of the clitoral wave? Let's hope not, though judging from the popularity of Benatar's hard-rock exhortations on songs like last year's *Heartbreaker* from her smash debut album, we can expect a long trail of female "pretenders" to the throne. Thankfully, on **Crimes Of Passion**, Benatar's newest, the HM posturing is kept to a minimum while Pat's improving vocals are ideally showcased between guitar licks. The choice of covers, particularly the Rascals' *You Better Run* and underrated songstress Kate Bush's *Wuthering Heights*, suit Benatar rather well. Only the questionable *Hitt Me With Your Best Shot* (and what will feminists have to say about that one?) could be termed an error. Unfortunately, the originals, mostly penned by lead guitarist (and boyfriend) Neil Giraldo, include the banal *Never Wanna Leave You* and the exploitive *Hell Is For Children*, which starts out as a plaint against child abuse and ends up as a lame refrain repeated ad nauseum.



Still, **Crimes Of Passion** finds a now-confident Pat Benatar, released from the stylistic quagmire which turned her debut into an unsatisfactory hodge-podge of musical influences. Her surprising success has transformed her voice into a distinctive AM staple, and she uses this familiarity to fullest advantage. There is no *Heartbreaker* on **Crimes Of Passion**, though; and when you have to rely on an old Young Rascals tune for your hit possibilities, it can't augur very well for your long-range creative potential.

ASHFORD AND SIMPSON A Musical Affair

Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson are the New Urban Elite's answer to Peaches & Herb. On **A Musical Affair** songs like *Rushing To and Make It To The Sky* express the modern blacks' post-disco desire for upper mobility and increasingly middle class sophistication, which finds its correlative in the music's lush orchestrations and ensemble yearning. On the other hand, **A Musical Affair** is also merely the latest example of soul music's age-old tendency to smooth out its urgency in favor of the promised land of Las Vegas glitz. While a tune such as *Love Don't Make It Right* evokes classic teams like Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell with its close approximation of *Ain't No Mountain High Enough*, the comparison only serves to show the wide gap that separates Ashford and Simpson from their forebears.



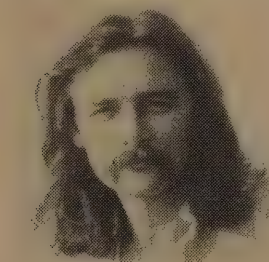
A Musical Affair seems to lack that one killer track which would make it memorable or at least give it a stronger edge. Yet Ashford and Simpson are talented composers and producers — all the material is self-written and arranged, and the messages are noble and affirmative, rather than the hip escapism promoted by groups like Chic. **A Musical Affair** doesn't lead us into Nick or Valerie's psyches, however, and refuses to illuminate the problems that plague many modern-day relationships, black and white, except, perhaps for the pseudo-therapeutic advice offered on *Love Don't Make It Right* and *Get Out Your Handkerchief*, which is disappointingly simplistic.

What's left are some soaring harmonies and some impressive arrangements, the same two qualities you can get from the decidedly less urbane Peaches & Herb. You can't blame Ashford & Simpson for wanting to achieve this downtown gloss; it's only a shame that they've left their souls untown in the process.

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND

Reach For The Sky
MOLLY HATCHET
Beatin' The Odds In Nine Easy Ways

In that ever-popular and much-maligned genre of rock known as southern boogie, the casualty rate can get awfully high. Often, the morbid lure of a hard-rockin', hard-drinkin', hard-drivin' demise outweighs the attraction of the music itself. No band has been more affected by tragedy than the Allman Brothers Band, which has resurfaced with a new album on Arista after the collapse of Phil Walden's Macon-based Capricorn label.



Hard living has also forced Jacksonville natives Molly Hatchet to rearrange their own line-up, with lead singer Danny Joe Brown succumbing to diabetes and being replaced by Jimmy Farrar. While the little-known but incredibly popular Molly Hatchet (their first two albums sold over three million copies) easily integrate the new vocalist on their third and latest album, **Beatin' The Odds In Nine Easy Ways**, the Allmans' newest, **Reach For The Sky**, is a sad reminder of what was once the Pride of the South. In this match-up, Hatchet's trio of lead guitarists — Dave Hlubek, Duane Roland and Steve Holland — are hands-down winners over a gallant but out-manned Dickey Betts.

After all the abuse Gregg Allman took from his fellow bandmembers regarding his marriage to Cher and his testimony in the coke trial of a former associate, the Allmans have not been able to re-group with the legendary camaraderie of old, and **Reach For The Sky** bears this out. Gregg contributes only two songs. His vocals are absent on the two long, meandering instrumentals that replace the Allmans' pioneering boogie with the worst kind of jazzy fusion, all busy drumming and aimless riffing. This is Dickey Betts' album, for better or worse, and the guitarist still manages to evoke the halcyon days with some melodically ringing leads. Unfortunately, every time it sounds like he's building up a head of steam, the song fades out, leaving the listener with a severe case of

The LP lacks direction and a solid rhythm; ironically, the loss of brother Duane hurts far less musically here than that of the late Berry Oakley's precise, adventurous bass lines. **Reach For The Sky** reveals a band that is a shell of what it once was, relying on nostalgia and reflex to get through. Time has taken its toll on the Allman Band, and other, younger, faster gunfighters have taken its place atop the southern boogie wave.

Molly Hatchet is one of those groups that tours 365 days a year, consistently winning over the most rambunctious, difficult audiences around with sheer professionalism and hell-bent musicianship. Tom Werman, of Cheap Trick and Ted Nugent fame, has produced all three Hatchet albums; in the process, he has learned to leave the group alone and let 'em rip.



Beatin' The Odds In Nine Easy Ways is a textbook example of a band gradually coming into its own by establishing a distinct identity. No longer just the heir apparent to the throne vacated by Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Allman Brothers, Molly Hatchet, with this album, are in position to fight off the challenge of other, younger bands out to topple them. There is even a soulful ballad, *The Rambler*, contributed by Farrar, along with a (dare I say it) intelligent cover of Creedence Clearwater's *Penthouse Pauper*. Quick, name another current outfit that covers a John Fogerty tune. See what I mean. Even the group's jab at rock critics, *Poison Pen*, seems a legitimate gripe. Southern rock 'n' roll has been threatening to burn itself out for a few years now, but bands like Molly Hatchet prove there's life in that old boogie monster yet. Say good-bye to the Allman Band and hello to Molly Hatchet...

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

Off The Coast Of Me
MUTINY

Funk Plus The One

These two albums offer conclusive proof that there is indeed life after disco. Kid Creole a.k.a. August Darnell was one of the founders of Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, who arguably started the whole disco phenomenon back in 1976 with *I'll Play The Fool and Cherchez La Femme*. Mutiny's Jerome Brailey is a former member of funkmeister George Clinton's P-Funk mob who has taken off for greener pastures. Both LPs explore and expand the ethnic dancebeat by fusing various elements of new wave, calypso, reggae, heavy metal, '40s swing and raw R&B. While **Off The Coast Of Me** takes its inspiration from the pop and latin sides of the urban melting pot, **Funk Plus The One** combines white rock 'n' roll with black southern-fried rhythm & blues to produce a churning, twisting, snarling brand of funk.

Joined by his Savannah Band cohorts "Sugar-coated" Andy Hernandez on vibes, Stony Browder, and drummer Mickey Sevilla, as well as Don Armando, Gichy Dan and a host of others, Darnell takes us on a geographical and historical tour of disco's roots. Along the way there are stop-overs in South America for *Bogota Affair*, New Orleans for *Maladie D'Amour*, the Caribbean for *Calypso Pan American*, Germany for *Lilli Marlene* and



New York for *Darrio*, with its immortal refrain, "Darrio, can you get me into Studio 54?" Don't misunderstand, rock fans, this is not your "Disco Sucks" material; what Darnell has created here is the logical synthesis of disco, reggae and new wave — a joyous romp that only the most narrow-minded rocker could possibly resist. Just dig on this refrain from the afore-mentioned *Darrio*: "They tell me the place is just about through/It ain't

even safe to get high!//The d.j. he don't even play the B-52's!// My idea of heaven is Club 57, baby!"* The message of this camped-up tribute is to forget about labels and dance, baby. **Off The Coast Of Me**, the album's title cut, is a marvelously evocative ode to the transcendence of love that is as soothing as a tropical breeze. If Darnell's LP has any weaknesses at all, it is, ironically enough, in its overly repetitive beat, one unfortunate legacy from disco, this otherwise splendid album doesn't quite manage to avoid.



Similarly, Mutiny's **Funk Plus The One** is built on a circular groove that treads the thin line between hypnotic and boring. Long before there was disco, there was the Funk — a stepped up, metalized version of rhythm & blues practiced by James Brown, Sly Stone, George Clinton *On The Corner*, Miles Davis and a very few others. Drummer Jerome Brailey can give up the funk, as they say, considering his debut *Mutiny On The Mamaship* and now, with **Funk Plus The One**. Brailey studied under Clinton and Dr. Funkenstein's influence is apparent on tracks like *Will It Be Tomorrow?* and *Semi-First Class Seat*. On the other hand, the hilarious rapping on *Don't Bust The Groove* and the soulful *Ballad Of Capt. Hymbad* (Brailey's alias on Clinton's *Mothership*) shows that the drummer's funk is multi-dimensional. Along with the heavy-metal guitar pyrotechnics of the *Romeo, Take 2* snippet, these tracks take off from disco's singular nature to explore black music's ever-enlarging framework.

Off The Coast Of Me and **Funk Plus The One** are tentative steps in a new direction for black music — simultaneously building on the advances of disco and re-constructing it from the r&b foundation. If it's time to bury the hatchet in the conflict between rock and disco, these two albums are good places to start.

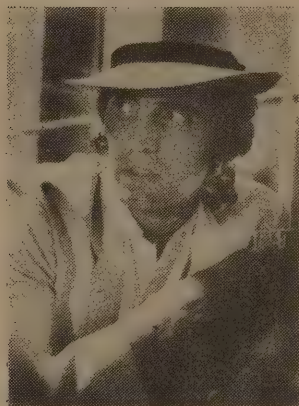
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STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Street Parade

"Persistence" would make a fine alternate title for this (or any) Steve Gibbons Band LP. Gibbons is a smart and ballsy rock journeyman with some twenty years under his belt, and while his music reflects that wealth of experience, he never sounds tired or dated.

The range of styles he's able to grasp firmly is quite impressive in this era of single-stylists. Much of this album gleams its sound from the best of 50s and 60s rock and when he hits such specific reference points as skiffle (*Give It Back*), Southern fatback shuffle (*I'm A Man*), and calypso (*Graffiti Man*), you know that Gibbons is not merely copping just the attitude and stance of a style. He makes all of the vast territory covered completely his own, which is no easy task.

Gibbons still lives the rock 'n' roll life. The British rocker substantiates this on *British Rock 'n' Roll*, *Give It Back*, *Sonny Day and the Tropics*, and *Saturday Night*, all of which celebrate the barroom and beer essence of rock. His protest rock on *A to Z* is equally effective and believable.



Yet, even while under the management wing of the Who, Gibbons has yet to really break through. Poor production has played a major part in that struggle, and while this mainly self-produced effort is his best yet, *Street Parade* still doesn't express the strength he conveys live. It's not the masterpiece I know Gibbons has lurking inside him. Yet his sincerity is winning, for as the man says: "the least that I can do, is to take the best of what I got an' give it back to you."

Review by Rob Patterson

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES
Voices

For a while now, Hall and Oates have locked themselves into a precarious position. With albums like 1978's *Along The Red Ledge* and this year's Daryl Hall solo LP, *Sacred Songs*, produced by Robert Frapp, the duo has gained a whole new audience attuned to progressive experimentation and musical risk-taking. The trouble is, the vast majority of Hall and Oates fans are still waiting for the pair to come up with more hits like *Rich Girl* or *Sara Smile*. Rather than alienate their old and new admirers, Daryl and John seek to satisfy both on their latest album, *Voices*, and end up with a curious hodgepodge that may fail to please either camp.



Voices marks the emergence of Daryl Hall as a musical force in the group, with the Philadelphia soulman contributing lyrics and music to all but three of the tracks. Ironically, none of these tunes seems to sport the personal touch that made his solo album such a revelation. Perhaps if you read into the lyrics about the difficulty of maintaining relationships on cuts like *Big Kids*, *United State*, *Hard To Be In Love With You* and *Everytime You Go Away*, and interpret them to be about Daryl and John themselves, there is a spark of insight offered, but that is stretching it. As for John Oates' two compositions, *How Does It Feel To Be Back* and *Africa*, the former is a disappointingly mundane love song while the latter is a tribal-drum stomp note-for-note rip-off of *Not Fade Away*.

To counter-balance Daryl Hall's admirably up-to-date rhythmic jaunts (no one ever said the guy was unaware of the latest trends), the band makes the Spector/Mann/Well classic *You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling* the album's pop centerpiece, designed to placate those masses yearning for AM hitdom. Problem is, this is one of those "Wouldn't it be great if Hall and Oates covered the Righteous Brothers?" type ideas that sounds much better in theory than its all-too-faithful reality. *Voices* represents a marking-time for Hall & Oates; for this LP, the final result does not quite match up to the total of its individual parts.

EDDIE MONEY
Playing For Keeps

Baby Hold On and *Two Tickets To Paradise*, were charted hits largely due to incessant AM airplay, meaning Money has been taken to heart by the rock army just as surely as he's been rejected by the rock intellectuals.

Still, you can't argue with success and I don't intend to. Instead, *Playing For Keeps* is a surprisingly strong album, offering a little something for anyone. There's a delightful little reggae ditty (*Running Back*), a Caribbean-flavored rocker (*Trinidad*), a bloozy ballad (*Let's Be Lovers Again*), as well as a bunch of potential AM anthems. Hey, it's high time Eddie Money got the respect that a Billy Joel or even a Bruce Springsteen gets. Never mind that his followers are 30-ish Brooklyn housewives and hip insurance salesmen; Money's smokey vocals deserve a few plaudits, gang. After all, have you taken a look at who's buying all those Elvis Presley memorial ashtrays? Certainly not B-52's fans...



On *Playing For Keeps*, Eddie Money succeeds in creating MOR rock 'n' roll, which is not as derogatory as it sounds. There are no creative chances being taken here, but there is still a measure of desperation in Eddie's gruff voice, yearning for a respectability that he has already achieved. There is no crime in being a successful rock 'n' roller; indeed, that's what pop (which, in case you forgot, stands for popular) music is all about.

Playing For Keeps is not the cutting edge, but don't tell Eddie Money that. He's still shouting as if his life depended on it and, after two consecutive platinum LPs, that's nothing to sneeze at. Ah-choo! Hell, Eddie Money may not be the solution, but he's far from the problem...

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA
XOO Multiplies

Look out, here they come! Pop muzik's version of the Yellow Peril has returned with yet another elpee (their second) filled with the delightful beeps, buzzes, whirrs, snaps, crackles and pops of modern technology. Combining the irresistible pull of T.V. commercial themes, spaghetti western soundtracks and computer games, Yellow Magic Orchestra take us into music's push-button future with a surprising amount of oriental soulfulness. You may not seek a steady diet of this Japanese version of a player piano cum synthesizer; on the other hand, you might just find yourself dancing to its unavoidable backbeat.



Honorable musicians-san Haruomi (Harry) Hosano (YMO's mastermind), drummer Yukihiko Takahashi (formerly of the legendary Sadistic Mika Band) and Ryuichi Sakamoto are not quite household names here in America but they've already had a hit single in the U.K. with *Theme From The Invaders*. Can Stateside elevators, supermarkets and dentist offices be far behind?

The trio has even added some nifty English lyrics to tunes like *Nice Age*, a look to the future filled with the impeccable manners and politeness that allow the Japanese to live elbow to elbow without kicking the rising sun out of one another. *Day Tripper* takes the Lennon-McCartney riff and programs it into an infinite progression fueled along by Takahashi's sharp synthedrums. *Multiplies* slips the Marlboro commercial into the middle of the theme from *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*, a hilarious joke on both East and West.

Between Germany's Kraftwerk and Japan's Yellow Magic Orchestra, you gotta wonder if winning World War II was even worth it, as these two outfits continue to toss banana peels into the machines we helped them build.

THE NEW YES: THE DRAMA CONTINUES, CHAPTER?

Hit Parader gets behind the lines in the Yes Camp to reveal the death of the Old and the birth of the New.

It looks like Serious Business down at the Yes Camp. Hot and heavy, as they say, since the afternoon rain hasn't cooled things off at all. The battery of big industrial fans blowing hot air toward the ceiling isn't doing much either. Even the flies are sweating bullets in this equipment-cluttered, roadie-festooned former cardboard box factory — Somewhere In Rural Pennsylvania — where Steve Howe is wandering across Yes' half-built circular stage, wrapped around his Gibson as the notes fly.

He peers down at the strings, shakes his head in desperation, then pauses halfway through a random guitar snippet from *And You And I*. "What's that frying sound?" he asks impatiently.

"Keyboards," a member of the crew responds, from somewhere inside the maze of electronic gear underneath the stage.

"It's always something," Mr. Howe sighs wearily. The wife and kids are back in London, over four thousand miles away. He's spent most of the past ten months either preparing for or recording the newest Yes album, *Drama*. There are a couple of pages' worth of American gigs staring him in the face, and he could probably use a few months' sleep. The situation's clearly under control, everything will be ready on time for the first show, but to Steve Howe, at least, rehearsing with the New Yes is no laughing matter.

Steve Howe: "When Jon and Rick finally walked in, everything seemed to go to pieces. We were suddenly playing these airy-fairy bits of music."

Chris Squire, on the other hand, seems ... well, *bemused*, teetering on the edge of a huge hole in the stage in his oversized t-shirt, jeans, and a pair of what appear to be white-rimmed kiddie sunglasses from Woolworth's. He puts down his bass to direct Yes' bespectacled new vocalist, Trevor Horn, through the Andersonian intricacies of *And You And I*. Horn sang himself hoarse during a promotional filming session the previous day. He's having trouble with the high notes, repeating phrases over and over again, then stopping every few bars to refer to his clipboard full of song lyrics, just to make sure he's got it right.

"Another beer for the drummer," Alan White calls from behind his kit. He steps out front to limber up, doing a quick handstand that narrowly misses Squire's head, while a cluster of local townfolk — middle-aged Pennsylvania Dutch-types with tiny kids and a handful of older Yes fans in tow — watch from an open doorway.

by Dan Hedges



The New Yes, from left: Steve Howe, Geoff Downes, Alan White, Chris Squire, Trevor Horn.

Barricaded behind banks of equipment, new keyboard man Geoff Downes, stripped-down to a pair of bright red cut-offs, confers with a battalion of roadies who've been trying to get the gremlins out of his gear. Downes and Horn have been up late, night after night, pouring over old Yes tapes and breaking the old material down song-by-song, chord change-by-chord change, riff-by-riff. The tour won't start for two weeks yet, but they already look as if they're about to fall over.

"They'll be okay," one of the crew members remarks, and if the past twelve years of Yes are anything to go by, he's probably right.

It hasn't been easy. Since their beginning back in 1968, Yes have been going

through changes — the latest (and possibly most critical) being the shock-horror departure of Jon Anderson and Rick Wakeman earlier this year. Although Wakeman's somewhat hit-or-miss relationship with the band over the past two years was fairly common knowledge, it was Anderson's exit — Anderson the co-founder — that raised the most eyebrows. After all, as principal lyricist, vocalist, front man, and Director of the Flow, Jon Anderson is Yes in many people's eyes.

"I'll tell you my version of the story," Steve Howe says later in the day. The old factory belongs to Michael Tait, Yes' longtime production manager, and the band is taking a ten minute breather in the joint's wood-paneled and exposed-brick control

room. Chris Squire is standing at one of the huge windows, puffing on a cigarette and gazing down at the equipment strewn stage directly below them. "Steve'll tell you his biased version," he laughs. "Then I'll tell you my biased version."

Evidently, the situation had been coming to a boil since the middle of Yes' 1979 American tour. The band, never all on the same wavelength even at the best of times, were drifting apart. Interests had changed, and so had the musical focus, with Wakeman non-committal, Anderson retreating into lyrical whimsy (a la **Tormato's** *Circus of Heaven*), and the remaining members collectively veering toward heavier rock and roll. Anderson, Squire and Howe were living in Britain, White had moved to L.A. several years before, and the Swiss-based Wakeman was a tax exile, which meant that the off-the-road Yes were essentially a rock band in name only.

With differing opinions over where they should record the next album, they settled on Paris, as Squire explains, "only because it was halfway between London, Switzerland, and the South of France — though nobody particularly wanted to go there."

According to Steve Howe, Anderson and Wakeman began making themselves scarce right from the start, leaving the remaining trio to work things out in their absence.

"The rhythm section — the continuing three-piece of Alan, Chris, and myself — had a few very happy days in Paris just pissing about," he recalls. "We were playing all sorts of different things for each other. Most of it was very loud, very heavy-duty, very exciting. Then when Jon and Rick finally walked in, everything seemed to go to pieces. We were suddenly playing these airy-fairy bits of music..."

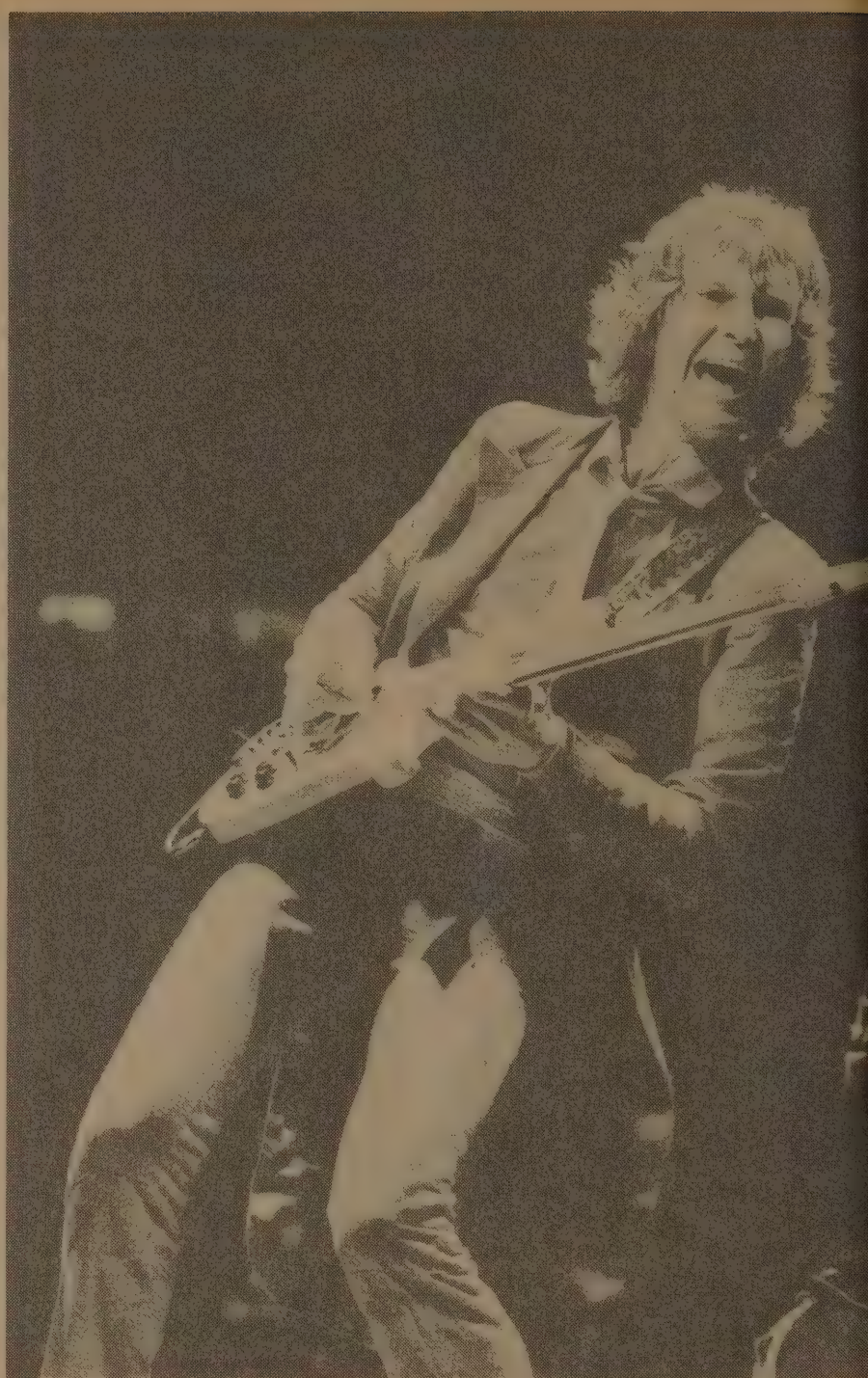
Were Anderson's songs that bad? Or had the rest of the band finally outgrown that style?

"Fifty per cent of both, I think. We'd realized that we were restricted in that direction, and we'd started putting some pretty good things together. But as soon as there was something to hold onto, Jon would fire some criticism like 'We're playing too much rock and roll. It's not subtle enough. Not gentle enough.'"

An attempted collaboration with hot shot American producer Roy Thomas Baker collapsed early in the game, and Yes was reduced to commuting on weekends between their wives and kids in London and the increasingly frustrating rehearsals in France. It was just after Christmas 1979, when the band had opted to move everything back to Britain, that Anderson split for Barbados, ostensibly to work on new song lyrics.

"In the time he was away, we were supposed to get together with Rick," Steve Howe remembers. "He was going to fly in from Switzerland, rehearse with us for a week, then go home again. We were supposed to do the backing tracks separately, and he was going to record his keyboard parts afterwards. Nobody liked the idea very much. It was getting more and more... fake."

When Anderson finally returned, the lyrics under his arm didn't quite mesh with the music Howe, Squire, and White had been working on. "He was really just hanging in," Steve comments. "He was fading into the background. The more nothing happened with him, the more the



Bassist and founding member Chris Squire said Yes' former lead singer, Jon Anderson, wanted a "heavenly approach, which wasn't very current, to say the least."

rest of us carried on working every day."

As Chris Squire adds, "There are always outside aggravations. People making stupid decisions, financial problems, and all that. You can always get over them if, musically, you're all going in the same direction. But there are other times... and this was just one of those other times."

But did Anderson seem as if he realized what was happening?

"He was aware, but he was oblivious to the possible consequences. Even if it was that bad, he still thought we wouldn't go on without him," says Howe.

"It all culminated out of a lack of enthusiasm," Alan White says, by way of

summing up.

Squire agrees. "Yeah. It seemed, at the time, that Jon just wanted to have this void — a sort of heavenly approach to everything — which obviously wasn't very current, to say the least."

Although Squire wasn't saying anything, the wheels were beginning to turn, as the situation between Anderson, Wakeman, and the other three Yes members steadily disintegrated.

As Squire explains, "Jon always used the excuse, 'Well, if Rick's not here, we're not all here. So I'll come down when Rick's there.'"

"Rick was there for ten minutes," Alan

White says. "We were there every day for two months."

In the end, Anderson stormed out of a rehearsal after a once-and-for-all verbal fistfight with the rest of the band, and Wakeman was effectively eased out of the picture through manager Brian Lane. The 80's had barely gotten underway, and Yes were down to three.

As the story goes, Yes considered going out as a three-piece, owing to the success

of the Squire-Howe-White tapes made during Jon and Rick's absence. "There was a sense of freedom," Alan White explains. "We were able to experiment more without all this forced pressure."

"It was sounding really good," Squire agrees. "It came down to the point where Brian (Lane) would come in with a different story every day. 'Well, I know what's going to happen. Chris is going to sing, we're gonna be a three-piece...' And I said,

'Well, I don't know if I can do a whole set, singing, playing, and everything.'" Squire nods to Trevor and Geoff, who are sitting quietly in opposite corners of the control room. "Then we bumped into these two."

Enter Geoff Downes, classically-trained pianist and former TV/radio jingle writer, and Trevor Horn, former session bass player, record producer, and musical director. Together, they'd written, produced, and recorded **The Age Of Plastic** under the corporate name of the Buggles — an admittedly calculated effort to "become rich and famous overnight," as Trevor explains, which worked better than either of them had expected, spawning a hit single, *Video Killed The Radio Star* en route.

By chance, the Buggles and Yes shared the same manager (the aforementioned Brian Lane), and Trevor's inevitable crossing of paths with Chris Squire led to the beginnings of a friendship. "I'd been a Yes fan ever since **The Yes Album**, Trevor says. "I was amazed when I found out that Chris was really into the Buggles album as well."

In the interest of furthering his fortunes, Trevor offered Chris one of the songs he and Geoff had been working on, with the idea of possibly getting it onto the next Yes album. Squire was impressed, brought the song to Howe and White, and the two newcomers soon found themselves in the studio with Yes, presumably to iron out the kinks in the song so Anderson, Squire, and Co. could record it. "Geoff and I kept looking around and thinking, *Where's Jon Anderson? Where's Rick Wakeman?*," Trevor says.

A few weeks later, the Buggles joined Yes.

"The initial shock of Chris suggesting Trevor and Geoff sank into Steve's head faster than it did into mine," Alan White says. "But it worked. You can tell the minute you start playing together. It's like having a conversation."

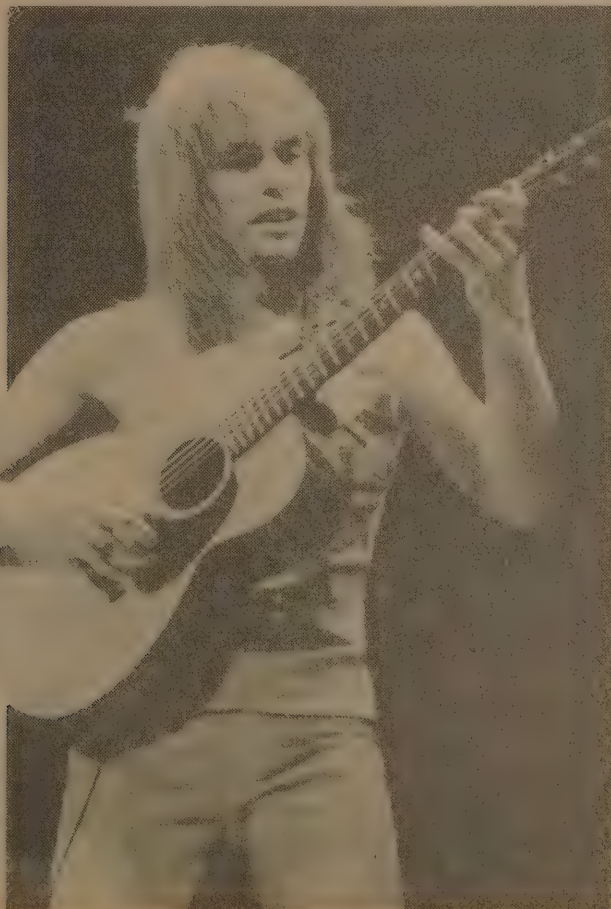
So Yes are back up to full strength, having once again weathered crucial changes in personnel that might have sent many other top bands to the wall. But as Geoff Downes admits. "It's a bit frightening being in the position Trevor and I are in. It's like stepping into a legend. The Buggles thing was nice, and we plan to do more of that, but if anybody'd told us a year ago that we'd be doing *this*..."

By the next afternoon, the old factory has cooled down considerably. The locals are still hanging around; the road crew are still wrestling with equipment in between bottles of beer, as the New Yes take the stage. Alan White tests his drums, Steve Howe straps on his custom-built Gibson, and Chris Squire adjusts his Woolworth's sunglasses. A slightly more rested Geoff Downes positions himself behind his keyboards; a slightly less hoarse Trevor Horn steps up to the microphone at the center of the circular stage.

Squire glances at White, White counts everybody in, and they're off. The New Yes. Blasting through the opening bars of *Roundabout*, and sounding pretty good at that. A few more days' work, a couple of nights on the road, and they'll have it. Right now, the local kids seem to like it, bouncing, and dancing, and singing along the sidelines, as the music booms out through the open doorway, across the parking area, over the railroad tracks, vanishing into the Pennsylvania afternoon.



Alan White: "Another beer for the drummer."



And now Steve Howe will tell you his biased version of the story.

TED NUGENT DOWN AND DIRTY

The Wango Tango Kid returns with his rowdilest, raunchiest, rawest interview ever.

by Charley Crespo

Could it be that Ted Nugent's biggest fear is that someone may think the self-styled "Motor City Madman" is not quite the far-out individualist he would have us believe?

Thirty-one-year-old Nugent, certainly one of the most explosive performers in rock 'n' roll, appears to be a living example of carefree teenage fantasies; the often bare-chested, handsome, Detroit-born guitarist juggles a tough-macho demeanor somewhere between James Dean and Bruce Derr, freely publicizing his passion for rocking, hunting, speed racing and screwing.

If the media are meant to be manipulated, Nugent's outspoken interviews win him new fans every time. Fans who don't hear him sing about sex and rowdiness read about his views on the subjects. Either way, Nugent apparently has it figured out.

At the age of 10, Nugent gave his first professional performance at the Detroit State Fairgrounds for the Polish Art Festival. He played in various local bands, and by 14 he played Detroit's biggest venue, the new Cobo Hall, with a band called the Lourds, opening for the Supremes and the Beau Brummels.



Neil Zlozower

The band, from left: Dave Kiswiney, Cliff Davies, Ted and Charley Huhn — winding down after a hard day's night.

"Charley, you have to go on the road, man. The most beautiful girls show up at the gate. I mean it's a dream, man, just a dream."

The Amboy Dukes, the first of his bands to record, hit with one single **Journey To The Center Of The Mind**, 1966, amid the short-lived psychedelic era. Nugent, who adamantly speaks out against all forms of intoxicants, today rejects the group's drug-soaked lyrics.

Quickly, Nugent became the standout star of the Amboy Dukes. The group became Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes, with revolving-door personnel, before the group name was dropped. Incessant touring with a frenzied stage show made Nugent a major headliner in the Midwest; by the time his first platinum album, **Cat Scratch Fever**, was released, Nugent left no territory unconquered, headlining stadiums on summer tours. Each of Nugent's last six albums has sold in excess of one million copies; his most recent, **Scream**

Dream, is another huge seller. The word is that Ted will be in the studio at any moment to begin working on his next LP, slated for a late winter/early spring release to be followed by another long gonzo tour.

Nugent thrives on touring, and his itineraries bear him out. He plays at least 200 dates each year, very often performing in the ampits of America that the major groups skip.

When not on the road, he usually lives on a milk farm in Michigan with his two children, Toby and Sasha. His divorce from Sandy Jezowski, his wife of six years, was finalized last August. In a unique arrangement, it is the kids who have permanent residence on the farm; the parents are the transients, alternating every 30 days.

Nugent on the road is a gone-away gonzo, talking the most jive street jingo at motor-

drive speed. At home, however, the change of pace relaxes him, though he might not readily agree. I certainly wouldn't say he's a wimp while he's home on the farm, but he's certainly not the rapid-fire, bruising Motor City Madman either.

HP: Where are you calling from, Ted?

TN: I'm home in Michigan. Hell, I need this place just to relax (laughs). I designed the whole thing. I'm the one who calls the shots, so I put 1980 together right around November and December of 1979. I start to arrange my calendar about a year in advance, based on anticipated hunting seasons and different things like that.

HP: I just recently became aware that you also arrange your tour around visitation rights with your son and daughter.

TN: Well, Charley, it's more than just visitation rights. I have equal custody of Toby and Sasha. I stayed in court to win the battle and that I did. That I did. I mean, you fuck with the baker and you get a bun; you fuck with Ted and you get none (laughs). I went in there and I stood my ground.



Nugent strongly believes in the power of pyramids and their miraculous achievements in vegetable growth.



Ted in
a classic
guitar pose.

I basically refused to budge from my demands to fulfill and apply my fundamental paternal responsibilities and instincts to my offspring and that no way, conclusively, determinately, no way anyone could deny me that. I went in there and I did it.

So, I got equal custody. The children live in a Michigan residence until they're 18 or until they escape (laughs), and my ex-wife, the children's mother, and myself rotate every other month. Perfect.

So that way, all of what I consider to be the children's needs — their maternal and paternal relationships — especially at this tender age, will be fulfilled. In other words, there is a consistency in their relationship, the interplay between themselves and their mother and themselves and their father.

I feel the children's needs are met in their relationship with their parents and, equally as important, (in) the establishment of their security, their roots in a consistent environment. I can't impress upon you enough what I have seen, how the children need to say "home": "When are we going home", "let's go home", "this is my room", "put your toys away", "this is my closet", "this is my bed". I think there's this urgency there.

HP: So how's life treating you these days Ted?

TN: It couldn't be better. Charley (laughs). This is the cat's ass here. I'm having my cake and eating it, too, because I got the luxury of pursuing my cravings through my career, my rock 'n' roll. Then I've got the power to coordinate my calendar to accommodate my responsibilities to my children and the pursuits of my recreation, which is hunting and fishing, which luckily coincides with my time with my children. This is the cat's ass, man (laughs). What more can I ask for? It couldn't be better.

HP: Let's talk about your album, *Scream Dream*...

TN: ...featuring the almighty *Wango Tango*. I told you about that the last time we talked.

HP: Yeah, I was warned. Tell me, did you approach this album any differently than you did any of your previous recordings?

TN: I returned to some of the more rock 'n' roll aspects, recalling the initial experimentation of my recording career. In other words, when I first began, I knew nothing about nothing.

They set the mikes up. They said what was a good tape and what was a bad tape. But I've learned to know instinctively what is a good feel on a tape. We recorded the whole fucking



Bob Leafe

Left to right: Nugent's girlfriend, Pele, Ted and Buck Dharma of Blue Oyster Cult.

thing in 16 days. This is amazing nowadays.

HP: Well the album, particularly *Wango Tango* and *Scream Dream*, sound more raw than your previous work did.

TN: It is rawer. I told my producers that (production) is a creative function and the crea-

tivity begins to inevitably overshadow the content. This recording technique can be improved upon, they say, and this sound can be enhanced, they say. Sorry. Can't be. Sorry, you don't dare. Sorry, Chuck Berry's original honky-tonk sound is what I want, buddy. A little bit nastier, a little bit more present.

I want to use that aspect of technical advances, but I don't want to technically advance my recording technique to the point where it cleans things up. It's easy to fall into that. I get a lot of arguments.

They say, "I think we can get this a little better", and I say, "Bullshit! I'll be the judge of that. You turn the fucking dials, you fucking make sure we don't destroy anything, just barely, and I'll tell you what's good". I mean, I make a lot of enemies these days (laughs). Excuse me a minute, Charley.

(We're interrupted by Sasha, Nugent's six-year-old daughter, crying to daddy about something three-year-old Toby is doing to her. "What honey?" he asks Sasha. "There will be no punching here, mister", he says, apparently to three-year-old Toby. "There will be no hitting. You know who does the hitting around here? Go out and play nice. As soon as I'm done, we're going to cook the hamburgers. All right.")

That's hamburgers as in venison burgers (resuming the interview).

HP: Ted, it's often thought in this business that rock stars seldom exceed a three-year life span at the top. You've surpassed this.

TN: Amen.

HP: What brings your audience back time after time?

TN: The sheer uninhibitedness. The fact that this fucker's going to almost kill himself to entertain your ass. And, I mean, I really do. I strain my ass onstage.

We had a team of para-



Ron Pownall

"I strain my ass onstage."

medics go on the road with us for a week just because we like to monitor my vital statistics over a span, and these guys, all they could do is shake their heads. When I got off the stage, it was like an Olympic swimmer after a long swim, but within a couple of minutes, my pulse and heartbeat, my vital statistics, were all down to someone who'd been relaxing all day.

I just finished my physical the other day and the doctor said I'm like a specimen of perfect health. Then we did this treadmill stress exercise, you know, where they have you walking at increasing speed and angle to wear you out so they test you under exhaustive conditions (laughs).

They had to give up. They said, "We don't have time to wear you out (more laughter)." We did it for 15 minutes and I was still honking, you know?

HP: I hope you can still do this in 20 years when you're 51.

share a common ailment with Pete Townshend of the Who. You both suffer a loss of hearing.

TN: Yeah, I'd like to know how bad Pete's is. I know it was part of my physical last week. Both of my ears are showing a noticeable decline, especially

turn my stage volume down and compensate through the p.a. system.

HP: I'm sure you don't want to quit.

TN: Oh, no shit. It would be a last resort. I'm saying if there was no way, because I do not want to eliminate my hearing

TN: I arrive at the cities before the rest of the group. I'll go to a major record-store chain and do an autograph party; then I go to two, three, four radio stations, and then I do my soundcheck. Over dinner, I have interviews with the press. The best interview is right after I get offstage. Then we go to a club and jam. Then I fuck my brains out all night and start over again the next day.

They see me onstage and they say "woah, where do you get all that energy?" That ain't shit. If they knew what I'd been doing all day or all week or all month, that'd blow their minds.

HP: What's this about jamming?

TN: See, I love to jam. Everyone knows I like to take off in the fall to hunt, but what people don't know — see, when I get out of the duck marsh at sunset, I find the local rock 'n' roll club and I go in and jam.

I did that in all these tiny little cities up in Winnipeg, Canada, and in Wahpaw Island in Ontario. I went to some little club there, 90 people, and blew their brains out. I did it in Travers City in some little club. I do it all the time.

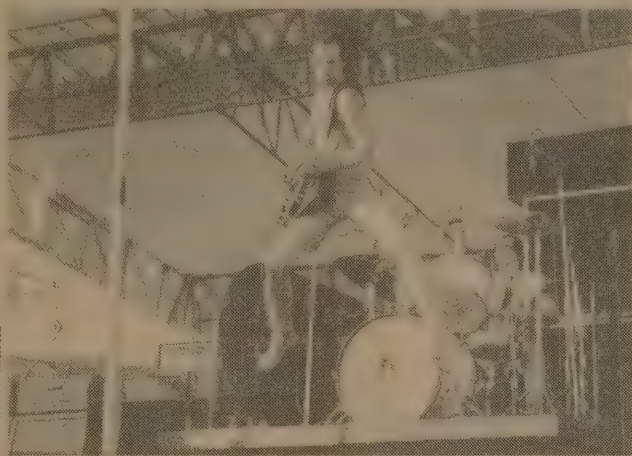
Now when we're on the road, jamming is one of the main items we focus on. We'll go to San Francisco. I'll find out from Bill Graham or some of my buddies there what the hottest rock 'n' roll club is. When we're done with our third or fourth encore at our own show, we dry off and head for the rock 'n' roll club, disarm the local band and rock our dicks off. That's the way to go, man.

That's another main, *main* ingredient why my music still has so much spunk — because I play the monster giant venues and I also play these little clubs. Ninety people eye to eye. Of course, we start off with only a handful of people but by the time we've done two or three songs, everyone's called everyone, and that's great.

HP: Ted, tell me, what's in the near future for you?

TN: We've already started working on new songs for the next album. We anticipate we may go into clubs in the Midwest unannounced and record a live album. That's basically a rumor at this point, but I'm discussing the logistics, the recording and the time right now, but that's what I want.

I do that naturally anyway. I haven't done it officially with the band on an organized schedule, but it's not out of the question. We're working on new material. I got a song called *My Love Is Like A Tire Iron* and a song called *You Can't Be What You Eat Or I'd Be You, Baby*. It's just the nastiest shit I've ever written. □



"Stand in front of my amps and knock off a few pounds."

my left ear, which is a very major concern of mine right now. I'm going to monitor it every six months.

If I can't eliminate the hearing impairment that I'm experiencing, I would quit, but I'm sure I can probably avoid it through two channels, continuous ear protection during the concert, and, if I have to, I'll

I've got a lot of hearing to do.

HP: I couldn't imagine Ted Nugent, after years of retirement, coming back to do an acoustic tour.

TN: Oh my God (laughter).

HP: Ted at home is not the same guy as Ted onstage or on the road. What are you like out on the road?



"David Lee don't lie; it does feel better down the right leg."

TN: Twenty is highly unlikely (laughs). It's hard to say, but I'm sure I'll always take care of myself.

HP: Is your band, as you've said before, still the loudest band in the world?

TN: I'm sure of it. I'm sure, especially with our new p.a. system. Our new system is dangerous. I'm sure people are going to come just to lose weight (laughs). Stand in front of my fucking amps and knock off a few pounds.

HP: They're going to be selling earplugs at the box office someday soon.

TN: They ought to.

HP: Can I have two tickets and four earplugs, please.

TN: Well, I'll tell you, it's uncanny, man; I mean, we really crank.

HP: This is an old topic of discussion, but of course you



"I'm having my cake and eating it too."



ROLLING STONES



KEEPING THE FEELIN' ALIVE

The Rossington Collins Band

Ex-Lynyrd Skynyrd stars return with a hard-working, hard-rocking crew.

— by Charley Crespo —

What is the Rossington Collins Band?
"It's the best band this country's got," replied Dale Krantz, lead singer for the new Florida-based rock and roll band.

"I'm looking at ten gold and platinum well deserved records on my wall," bassist Leon Wilkeson said, speculatively but confidently. "I know we can do it."

About a year ago, guitarists Gary Rossington and Allen Collins grew itchy. At one time, as members of Lynyrd Skynyrd, they toured incessantly, playing before an ever-growing audience that was making the group one of America's biggest. The plane crash that took the lives of singers Ronnie Van Zant and Cassie Gaines and Cassie's guitarist brother Steve Gaines in 1977 abbreviated Skynyrd's rise to the top. The surviving members, Rossington, Collins, Wilkeson, keyboardist Billy Powell, and drummer Artemis Pyle became very low profile, but by Christmas of 1979, Rossington and Collins were ready to put together a new band.

"We never learned how to quit," Rossington, a man of few words, explained. "We knew it was time to just go."

Pyle was recruited into the new band, but a motorcycle accident left him with broken bones and serious injuries that incapacitated him for some time, forcing him to quit the group. Rossington, Collins, Powell and Wilkeson were joined by guitarist Barry Harwood, who'd played on Skynyrd sessions, drummer Derek Hess and singer Dale Krantz, formerly a backup singer with 38 Special, a Jacksonville band led by Ronnie's younger brother, Donnie.

In an attempt to establish its own identity, the Rossington Collins Band emphatically states that it wants to push forward as a completely new and independent outfit. The group specified that MCA Records could not use the Skynyrd name in promoting the new band. Except for the encore, the group's live set is comprised entirely of the band's new songs.

"We're trying not to live in the past," said Powell. "We'd be happy if we could block out the past."

"After the plane crash," Wilkeson said, "years of attitudes, something like that completely died. That old group would never be again, with the losses of Ronnie, Steve and Cassie. The Rossington Collins Band is the phoenix arising from that as an aftermath. It's not just the members that got off the plane; a group has evolved."

"As a new member, and the rest of the boys know them better," a bubbly Krantz said, "when I see Gary and Allen changing the name of the band, managing themselves and working on all new material, I wonder how long it will be before people realize it's a new band. (Gary and Allen) don't even talk to us about the old band."

Crew members hint that Rossington and Collins regret naming the band after



The *Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere* band, from left: Billy Powell, Gary Rossington, Derek Hess, Barry Harwood, Dale Krantz, Allen Collins and Leon Wilkeson.

themselves. Given the name before they really knew who would be in the band, Rossington said that the group works as a unit rather than as backup for the two guitarists who conceived the band.

"Everybody is contributing so much," Krantz continued. "Gary and Allen have said over and over again, it's not their band, it's 'our' band. They give me a complete open hand in writing lyrics. There are no stipulations. They don't say write a song about this or that. The name Rossington Collins Band could be misleading. It's a give and take situation."

At the RCB's first major concert, before a wildly enthusiastic and demanding SRO audience at Atlanta's Fox Theater, one former member of Skynyrd introduced the one encore by saying, "this song is for some brothers of ours who can't be with us, but they are with us." With that, the group tore into a rousing instrumental version of *Free Bird*, the Skynyrd staple.

"So much new material is coming out, just from the sheer inspiration of the guys being together, that I doubt very seriously we would do anything (by Skynyrd) other than *Free Bird*," Krantz explained after the first concert, "and it sounded fine as

an instrumental.

"I wouldn't want to sing any of Ronnie's songs," the powerful lead singer continued. "I mean, I was as big a fan of Ronnie's as anyone on the street, and I'm not saying that as a musician or as a peer."

"In rehearsals, every once in a while, the guys would break into Skynyrd songs, and I'd sing the few lines that I would know, but *Free Bird* was the only song they really wanted to do."

"The tour has been surprisingly successful," Wilkeson said a few weeks later, "beyond anything we could have anticipated. The stamina of the group has just been there every show. It's still been happy, audience wise and performance wise. It seems impossible for us to have done a show and not been good to some extent. I guess for some of us, we're just enjoying the thrill of performing again."

"In the last days of Skynyrd, we'd finally gotten on a highly productive emanating force; everything was coming to a head, I think. The same thing is happening now. It's a totally dedicated effort."

How dedicated? Rossington summed it all up: "The only time we're happy is when we're playing." □

SHOOTING STARS

by Charley Crespo

Split Enz

"I got sick of looking like a parrot when I was trying to sing love songs," explains Tim Finn, lead singer of Split Enz, a New Zealand rock band that six years ago began its professional career in outrageous black and white costumes and geometric haircuts. "We all got sick of it. Now we are simpler and more effective."

Still looking rather unconventional, the band members have become familiar faces Down Under, where the group's most recent album, **True Colours**, and the initial single from it, *I Got You*, debuted at the top of the charts, nosing out Pink Floyd's **The Wall** for #1 spot, and staying at the top of the charts for two months. Americans buying the record will find that geometric patterns have been laser-etched onto the grooves. Within the grooves, the band's new lineup has recorded pop songs with inviting new wave arrangements for a sound somewhat similar to the Cars and Devo.

"...There seemed (to be) a desperate need for everyone to reassure themselves there was life in rock and roll," observed Finn, noting how the band was always modern but never punk, "hence, the punk thing and that return to vital energy. It sounds arrogant, but we were ahead of our time in some ways."



Toronto

Lead vocalist Molly Woods is from Durham, North Carolina, guitarist Sheron Alton is from London, guitarist Brian Allen is from Chilliwack, British Columbia, keyboardist Scott Kreyer, drummer Jimmy Fox and bassist Niki Costello are all from Rochester, N.Y. None are originally from Toronto, but that is where they've groomed their stage show, and where their biggest fans are. They've been given the key to that city, an honor not usually associated with rock bands.

With two striking women in the band, one with an outstanding vocal range, the hard rocking Toronto will be compared to Heart. Unlike Heart, however, Toronto is more of a unit than a vehicle for the two women.

"We all affect one another in the way we influence the band," said Allen backstage after a concert at the Palladium in New York City. "We feed off one another."



Cameron

Cameron is Rafael Cameron, a 26-year-old singer working as a keypunch operator in a Manufacturers Hanover Bank in New York. Born in Guyana, he pursued a career as a radio and newspaper reporter while moonlighting as a singer with local bands. About seven years ago, he moved to Brooklyn, New York, where he met Randy Muller, who was then beginning to work with the Brass Construction. Muller eventually wrote and produced the music on Cameron's debut album, and arranged for Skyy to back him up musically. Sources close to Cameron describe his direction as the r&b pop cross between Michael Jackson and Stevie Wonder.



Yipes!

"I'd like to go to my tenth year high school reunion with a couple of gold albums and see that girl who turned me down for homecoming," joked Pete Strand of Yipes!, a Milwaukee pop group known for the levity in its music.

Yipes has been described as "five guys dedicated to the art of taking pop out of the cereal boxes and putting it back on the stage where it's always belonged." With two albums that explore the inanities of southern California lifestyles, hanging out and boy-meets-girl situations, the group has made a name for itself in midwest clubs. They began recording after winning a Battle Of The Bands contest — the prize was 12 hours of studio time. The demo tape that came out of that

session was sent to Jimmy Ienner, well-known record producer and President of Millenium Records, hoping that he would appreciate the group's infectious music and wry sense of humor. Yipes! are Pat McCurdy (lead singer), Michael Hoffman (rhythm guitar), Andy Bartel (lead guitar), Teddy Freese (drums) and the aforementioned Strand (bass).



Gary Myrick and the Figures

"I try to write songs that reflect the times," says Myrick, who six years ago left Texas to gamble in Los Angeles' music scene. "They're not necessarily meant to last, but if somebody looking back in 1992 says, 'hey, yeh, that's just like it was in 1980', that'd be cool."

Tom Werman, famed producer of Cheap Trick, Ted Nugent and many others, nearly disowns his previous work for the love of his Gary Myrick and the Figures self-titled LP. Myrick's music is sharp,



David Gahr

coarse and intense, packing all the energy of new wave with the sensitivity of ageless songwriting.

"I like to live in my lyrics," he says, "so the words are drawn from the scenes I'm familiar with. In a scene like rock and roll, that often means I see a lot of exaggerated, stupid behavior."

JUDAS PRIEST

by Toby Goldstein

HEAVY METAL SHOOTOUT

Wartime Maneuvers Featuring Leather, Chains and (gulp) Blood.

Bloodlust!

It's right there, on K.K. Downing's face, as Judas Priest's lead guitarist smiles behind his mirrored shades and warned, "I'm looking forward to seeing YOOUU in the front row at the Palladium this Saturday."

No matter that my tickets were upstairs, and, anyway, I had no burning desire to be bobbed around on a sea of whacked-out, upchucking, headbanging bruisers that always crowd the stage at heavy metal gigs ... and that's just the girls!

Sitting quietly at one end of the CBS Records conference table, vocalist Rob Halford calmly insisted, in a thoughtful and considerable tone,

ladium two days later, a bomb scare emptied the theatre even before the show started. The count for the evening was two fistfights down front, as well as a suspicious cloud of smoke rising from the center of the orchestra. However, all that paled into insignificance before the thunder of Halford's Harley motorcycle, as he rode

album, **British Steel**. And while a lot of Judas Priest's instrumental pyrotechnics didn't differ that much from other HM types, the clarity and range of Halford's vocals were a pleasant surprise, even if he did look like a Village Person bike boy taking himself too seriously.

"That's the other stupid stigma that's attached to heavy metal people," Halford said, "that HM is very confined in its ability to exploit, I mean explore. We've put that down,

consider releasing that we weren't happy with.

"So I think that's one of the best aspects of the band, that we're constantly releasing albums about which people go — oh, another good one. And that isn't being egotistical, that's just being confident and writing good material."

"Have you been living under a brick???" K.K. intruded in loud disbelief, a sharp contrast to Halford's subdued manner. Downing is a humorous foil to Halford's considered discus-

"One day there'll be a magazine run by musicians reviewing critics."



The famous fivesome, from left: Rob Halford, K.K. Downing, Dave Holland, Ian Hill and Glenn Tipton.

"this'll be our fourth time at the Palladium, and at all of our concerts, we've never had anything of a violent nature occur, and if it has, it's usually down to security." This, of course, is in sharp contrast to the black-leather-and-chains onstage image. I'd have liked to believe him.

Of course, down at the Pal-

ladium two days later, a bomb scare emptied the theatre even before the show started. The count for the evening was two fistfights down front, as well as a suspicious cloud of smoke rising from the center of the orchestra. However, all that paled into insignificance before the thunder of Halford's Harley motorcycle, as he rode

album after album, after all, proving that it isn't all very boring, repetitive, monotonous songs. They're all highly individual. I think that's probably one thing about the appeal of Priest, that every one of our songs has a tremendous amount of character and individuality. I don't know of any song we ever released or would

sions, vocally tearing and leaping about, emphasizing heavy metal's assured place in the musical hierarchy, now that punk and new wave have, in his opinion, had their brief moment.

"I bet you like the Ramones, too..." Downing smirked. It's been quite a while since I had encountered a specimen of the

"talk first, think later" school of rockers, and at the first allegation of heavy metal's presumed mindlessness, or in answer to questions concerning the real people operating behind Judas Priest's fearsome image, Downing's mouth worked overtime.

Halford took in the whole scene with resigned amusement. After all, the band is used to being baited by journalists in their U.K. home, where heavy metal has been a dirty word for years.

"I can see what you're gonna think about the gig before you go," insisted K.K. "You're gonna say, 'oh, here they come, leatherlike, doing the heavy macho.' Personally, I think if Rob goes out and rides a bike onstage, why does it matter? Oh, you want gen-u-wine people; if you find out somebody's not totally genuine you're on their backs, you criticize them, don't you?"

Absolutely right, pal, the age of poseurs is long gone ... and



Laurie Paladino

K.K. and Tipton: "Have you been living under a brick."



Halford atop his Harley: "...being confident and writing good material."

all I'd done was venture a comment that shopping in sex stores for bits of stage gear seemed the slightest bit passe.

"It's not just the music business you're talking about, it's entertainment, theater if you like," said K.K. "Some bands are completely theatrical, like Kiss, for example. They're playing music people

want to hear, and they put on a show. So what if Gene Simmons wears a pinstriped suit when he goes out, which I know he does. You obviously hate and despise that. (Actually, Kiss has always been pretty honest about their roles.) If all we had in the world was totally genuine artists — I'm not saying we're not genuine, cause I feel that we are — but I would hate there to never have been a Kiss. If they'd not contrived and done what they done, all those people wouldn't have gotten that pleasure from Kiss. And if everybody else was the same — if all the phonies that ever walked on a stage were to sink into the sea, it'd be a pretty dull world.

"With all the shit going on in the world right now, people need a release. So let the phonies be phonies, as long as they're giving out entertainment and as long as the music's good. You're just a phony-seeking destroyer, really. I think that's a pretty bum job. Enjoy life! If you go out and like what you hear, it doesn't matter. We've done enough interviews that we can figure out your attitude. One day there'll be a magazine run by musicians reviewing critics..."

That dialogue was unreality at its most absurd. I had forgotten that K.K. was coming off two months on the road, traveling across the U.S. by bus, each day waiting for the next ridiculous event that

would stifle the boredom and break the tension.

"I think every day we're living a week in an ordinary person's life," he said. "That's why you get fucked up completely when you've done two or three months on the road."

"Life on the road does make you a vegetable," Halford interjected. "You've got no choice in it, it's something you have to try and cope with. And after a while, the only way you can cope is to become almost out of touch with what's happening."

Downing, ever the believer, added, "You can say that, but there must be millions and billions of people in the world who would give anything to be on the road with a rock band. I mean, there's no comparison anywhere else with the things that happen. I'm not just talking about sex — well, I'm talking about sex and drugs and drink, weird things. I'm talking about all of that, 'cause that's reality, that's happening, that's entertaining."

Halford and Downing form extremes in the heavy metal universe. While Halford looks dimly upon those who call the music and its players mindless, Downing admits to getting out of his brain and headbanging at concerts in his younger days.

"No, nobody offends us," the lead singer offered. "I think if you let yourself be offended, then you've only got yourself to blame. I suppose it's a case of

how you stand against the comments and if anybody was to say I was a mindless musician I wouldn't think much of that particular person and I wouldn't consider pondering the question, or statement, or comment, 'cause it's not from a very intelligent source, really.

"One of the greatest things about this music is that it's uncomplicated. Some of the press that have interviewed us have become very analytical and sophisticated and all this business, because heavy metal is coming back now in a big way, and they think it invites some sort of debate, and it doesn't."

Adds K.K., "people are always asking us, why do you think there's been a re-emergence of heavy metal? But if they were to see our record sales of the last four or five years, just in America alone, they'd see that every time we come back with a new album, it's literally doubled in sales. We've only just worked our way up to a complete headlining situation. We've been growing with heavy metal, even though the press have been looking up somebody else's asshole for the past year or two — they've just been totally out of reach with what's been going on all the time."

Make no mistake, Judas Priest has just begun to fight, and while I wouldn't put odds on their long-range capacity, the short-distance arsenal is awesome. □

The sign on her dressing room door in Germany read "John Armstrong". She has also been referred to as "Joan Armorplating" and "Joan Armageddon". Manager Mike Stone chuckles at the confusion. "The important thing," he says "is that Joan Armatrading is playing her music and the people like it."

Armatrading's uncompromising personality, challenging musical style and powerful lyrics have earned her 18 gold records in seven countries. In Europe she has long been a major star and her cult following in the U.S. has grown rapidly during the last year. The music combines elements of jazz, reggae, rock and blues but is nevertheless entirely original. Her poetic voice is frank and remarkably unaffected. Though she insists that her songs are "not about me" most listeners are convinced they're hearing Armatrading's soul on her records.

Born in St. Kitts in the West Indies, Armatrading moved to Birmingham, England at age seven. Brought up in a strict religious household, she was not encouraged to take up music, although her father played bass in local bands. He even went as far as hiding his guitar from her in a locked closet, and Joan admits that the forbidden side of music may have piqued her ambition.

When Joan was 14 her mother bought a piano ... "as a piece of furniture" and assigned Joan the task of cleaning it. Two years later Joan was playing piano and guitar and singing in local clubs. Her first appearance was at a high school talent show. "I had to learn one Bob Dylan song and one Paul Simon song. Before that I had never heard of them," recalls Armatrading. Her major musical influences included Van Morrison, Tommy Steele and Jim Reeves, all, not surprisingly, idiosyncratic original vocal talents.

At 18, Joan joined a touring company of *Hair*, and characteristically was the only cast member who refused to disrobe onstage. After performing in the show for 18 months she returned to England spending the next year in virtual solitude, writing songs. Her first LP, *Whatever's For Us* was released in 1972 without much fanfare, and the artist took no exception to this, continuing to this day to prefer a "famous but faceless" image. "After the album came out I was still trying to figure out what kind of job I should get ... what to do to run my car. I didn't consider performing a career."

Eight years later Joan re-

JOAN ARMATRADING WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"How many female singer/songwriters are active now? Three ... Joan Armatrading, Joni Mitchell and me, and Joan is so good." — Rickie Lee Jones

— by Helene Kirschbaum —



"I won't play what everyone does just so I can get a hit."

mains a quiet, unprepossessing artist, who prefers a simple life in Hampton Wick, England to the rock and roll spotlight. When not touring she sculpts, collects antiques and reads comic books, all in addition to her songwriting efforts. "My idea of success," she says "would be to have a lot of people performing my songs." Thus, in the eyes of the record industry, she remains what *The New York Times* called "perhaps the best unknown pop star in the world."

In the past four or five years, however, Armatrading's albums have fared well on radio and retail shelves. Beginning with *Back To The Night* in 1975 and continuing through *Joan Armatrading* in 1976 and the *Show Some Emotion* LP in '77 the artist has amused

several hit singles in the U.S. and a slew of magazine bestowed awards. *Sounds* dubbed *Joan Armatrading* the Year's Best Album of 1977 and *Rolling Stone* made it a runner-up in the Pop LP sweepstakes. Produced by Richard Gotterhrer, *Me, Myself, I*, Joan's most recent LP, showcases her hard-rock talents to a degree not hitherto explored and is her biggest hit to date, climbing into the Top 50 in less than a month. The title track, *Ma Me-O Beach* and *When You Kisses Me* are among the solid rockers, while *Feeling In My Heart* demonstrates her Latin/Reggae roots. As always, the songs are highly emotional, sometimes tender and warm, other times strained and bitter.

American audiences have

heard Armatrading perform the new songs during her U.S. tour. She has been filling medium-sized halls, and in New York's Central Park the SRO crowd would not let her leave the stage. Meanwhile, Joan's 1980 European tour was highlighted by a live show in Essen, Germany which was broadcast live to a potential TV audience of over 700 million in Europe and Russia. Armatrading's manager explains her continuing appeal on the continent: "In Europe they treat her with the same respect and consideration that we in the United States reserve for jazz and classical artists."

Armatrading does have a reputation as a sullen, cold artist in concert. Recent shows disprove that image. "I really enjoy performing now," says Joan, explaining her stage attitude. "I don't think that you have to smile all the time to show that enjoyment ... it does help when the audience is enjoying the show too ... it becomes a circle feeding back into itself, and that feels good." When Armatrading does crack a smile, the theatrical effect can be electric. "Her smile lights up the whole theatre, when she laughs the whole place vibrates. And when she sings, it's pure soul, straight-from-the-heart," wrote one English reviewer.

Today Armatrading's demeanor onstage is more light-hearted, more youth-oriented, in keeping with her new rock material. In Southampton, one of her 23 English dates, the audience stomped and rocked until the theater literally shook. In Southport a few nights later, they listened in polite but eerie silence until the spotlights went down. Then the crowd erupted, calling Armatrading back for three encores.

Joan insists that she will never change her musical approach simply to fit in. "I won't play what everyone does just so I can get a hit," she explains. "If I'd wanted instant success, I would have made a disco record." She has also ignored advice to slick up her act. Though she might sell more records that way, and her name would undoubtedly be spelled correctly on dressing room doors, sticking to her musical principles has had it's rewards in critical acclaim.

Even the independent Ms. Armatrading enjoys this kind of mention.

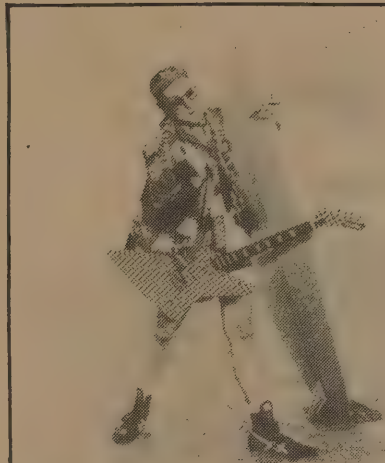
The impression is clear, however, that even without the acclaim, even without fan acceptance, without radio play or sales, she would continue writing and playing. "I made up my mind to do the best that I can," she says. "I do it because I want to write, because I have that need." □

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIT PARADE

compiled
by Bob Grossweiner

Exclusive New Feature: Top Ten Countdown of the Hitmakers!

Beginning this month Hit Parader will present the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most successful artists. To inaugurate this new monthly feature we present the all-time faves of Gene Simmons, Rick Nielsen and Sammy Hagar. Read it and weep (or laugh), but remember, this is for real.



RICK NIELSEN, guitarist, Cheap Trick

1. **Carly Simon Live** at Rick Nielsen's House
2. **Joni Mitchell Live** at Rick Nielsen's House
3. **Olivia Newton-John Live** at Rick Nielsen's House
4. **Impossible Dream** by the Sensational Alex Harvey Band
5. **If You Want Blood You've Got It** by AC/DC
6. **Rockit** by Chuck Berry
7. **Exile On Main Street** by The Rolling Stones
8. **Skafish** by Skafish
9. **Rick Nielsen Live in the Bathtub** (bootleg)
10. **The Pope's 1979 Tour Album**

GENE SIMMONS, bassist, vocalist, Kiss

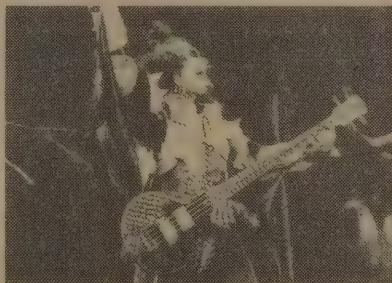
1. **Kiss Alive I** by Kiss
"Capturing raw rock 'n' roll energy live onto vinyl is almost impossible. I think this record does it."
2. **Led Zeppelin I** by Led Zeppelin
"Still their best album. Fine rock 'n' roll. Some of the finest British hard stuff ever."
3. **Rubber Soul** by The Beatles
"Short, simple, and beautiful songs. Still stands up today."
4. **Are You Experienced?** by The Jimi Hendrix Experience
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5. **Truth** by Jeff Beck
"May be my favorite group ever. Beck a dream."
6. **Disraeli Gears** by Cream
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7. **Mountain** by Leslie West
"Second generation but still wonderful, simple rock 'n' roll."

8. **Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass)** by The Rolling Stones
"Rock 'n' roll that has surpassed the era it was recorded in."

9. **The Coasters' Greatest Hits** by The Coasters
"Rock 'n' roll at its humorous best. Some of the finest rhythm sections ever."

10. **Elvis' Golden Records** by Elvis Presley
"The roots. White rock. *Hound Dog*, *Jailhouse Rock* — the finest early stuff."



Richard E. Aaron

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4. **The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars** by David Bowie
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6. **Fire and Water** by Free
7. **Abbey Road** by The Beatles
8. **Led Zeppelin I** by Led Zeppelin
9. **Montrose** by Montrose
10. **The Immortal Otis Redding** by Otis Redding



Chris Walter

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3. _____

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Cheap Trick ☐ Allman Brothers ☐

AC/DC ARE BACK IN BLACK

by Andy Secher

"It's a long way to the top if you want to rock 'n' roll."

Angus Young, AC/DC's pint-sized lead guitarist was stretched flat on his back behind a wall of Marshall amplifiers, an oxygen mask strapped to his face, his body drenched with sweat. His band had just finished their set at New York's Palladium Theatre, and as the sold-out crowd rose to their feet, a growing chant of "AN-GUS" "AN-GUS" began to shake the ancient arena's grime covered walls.

As if drawing strength from

adulation permeated the air, signalling one undeniable fact — AC/DC was back, and they were better than ever!

The last year has not been the easiest of times for this five-man Australian hard rock band. It was only a few months ago that they seemed on top of the rock world. Their fourth State-side album, **Highway to Hell**, had passed the mythical "platinum" plateau, and it seemed apparent that they were on the verge of blossom-

ing AC/DC's high-flying sails. In fact, as rhythm guitarist Malcolm Young remembers, the band was in such disarray in the wake of Bon's passing, that there was even talk of the group disbanding. "There was obviously a lot of confusion and second guessing on our part right then," he said. "We really wondered if we could continue without Bon. But we began to realize that he died the way he would have wanted to, and we also saw that we just

weeks of auditions, the decision was made; Brian Johnson, formerly lead vocalist with the Scottish band Geordie, was to be the man to fill Scott's rock & roll shoes. "I've got to admit I was a bit nervous about joining the band", he said in his heavy brogue backstage after the show. "I really hadn't played in about four years when the lads contacted me about joining up. I really wasn't sure at first, but they're all so persuasive that I knew in my heart that I really had no choice."

While watching the band perform at the Palladium (only their third American show since Scott's death), one couldn't help but notice that Bon's passing had served to draw the band's surviving members closer together. Their sound seemed more volatile than ever, with Angus' booming guitar runs being echoed by Malcolm's equally fiery riffs, and the rock-steady rhythm section of Phil Rudd on drums and Cliff Williams on bass, pounding along at a frenetic rate. But at the heart of things, cutting through the band's thick wall of metal, was Johnson's raspy voice, serving as a clarion call to rally AC/DC's loyal fans together, and proclaim that despite their personal tragedy, they were still the best rock & roll band in the world.

"The reception's been great everywhere we've gone," Johnson said between sips from his ever-present bottle of beer. "Of course I was a little worried when I first joined up that the people wouldn't accept me. Everyone loved Bon, and I thought they might look at me as an outsider, but everything has just gone down incredibly well. We've dedicated our new album, **Back In Black**, to him. The title's our way of paying our last respects, but we all know that the only way that we can really keep his memory alive is to keep on rocking as loud and as hard as possible, and that's what we're aiming to do. Angus is playing better than ever, and as long as that's happening, AC/DC can't help but be one of the most exciting bands around."

As Johnson indicated, there can be no question that the key to the band's continued success rests on the narrow



Sheri Lynn Behr

Angus Young, playing lead guitar on his back, is AC/DC's visual focus.

the crowds' frenzied response, the diminutive guitar demon slowly rose to his feet and once-again strapped on his cordless, red Gibson SG. Still hidden from the audiences' view, he took one deep breath, flashed a weary smile to his brother Malcolm, and launched into the first blazing chords of the band's encore, *Whole Lotta Rosie*. As a thousand lit matches turned the Palladium into the world's largest rotisserie, Angus hit the stage, a blur of pure rock & roll energy, and as the rest of the band quickly followed him into the spotlight, a roar of

ing into one of the most influential, and commercially successful, heavy-metal bands in the world. But just when their five-year-long struggle to win over American rock audiences seemed won, tragedy struck. Lead singer, Bon Scott, whose raunchy vocals and macho stance had provided the band with much of their appeal, was found frozen to death in his car in the outskirts of London, apparently the victim of an overindulgence of alcohol on a bitter-cold winter's night.

Scott's tragic death promptly quelled the winds of success that had been blowing into

couldn't give up after all the hard work we had put into making the band successful. We knew that we'd have to work extra hard to get back our momentum, but we knew that we had to go on."

Of course the first problem that the band faced was finding a replacement for Scott. Not only would this singer have to be able to handle the rigorous demands of vocally combating Angus' metallic barage night after night, but he would also have to project the rough 'n' tumble image the AC/DC's fans demanded. After

shoulders of the one and only Angus Young. Perhaps no other sight in contemporary music can match that of baby-faced Angus on stage, dressed in his tattered "schoolboy" uniform, his trademark jacket and shorts drenched in sweat, and his little cap sitting precariously atop his constantly bobbing head. His nose seems to be perpetually dripping on his jacket lapels, and his bare knees are covered with a vast array of cuts and scratches, but nothing seems to hinder the amazing flow of energy that passes directly from his wildly gyrating body into his thunderous guitar outbursts.

From the moment he appears on stage, everyone's attention is immediately riveted on Angus, the human dynamo, a little boy mastering a man's game. He struts and prances, his body shaking with every beat, and just as the band's show builds to a fever pitch, he launches himself out into the audience, guitar in hand, making a wild dash through the crowd while never missing a lick on his Gibson's battered strings.

"Angus is still the key to this band," agreed brother Malcolm, as he sat trying to regain his energy following the band's intense two-hour show. "He's really an incredible showman and a pretty good guitarist as well. Sometimes he gets a little sloppy during a show because he's so involved

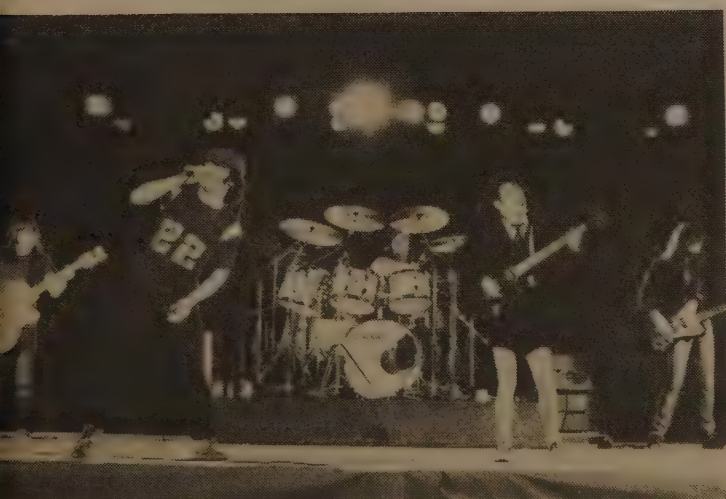
with moving around all the time. But I don't think that there's another guitarist around who can play with as much control and power as he does. A lot of people just look at him in his uniform and they forget that he's a great musician.

"The 'schoolboy' thing started when he was only about eleven years old. He was playing in a band with a lot of older guys, and they used to dress him up that way and then advertise the show by saying, 'come and see the little guitar star'. It's reached the point now where I don't think he'd even go on stage if he wasn't dressed like that. It's become his security blanket, and part of his personality. People laugh until they hear him play — then they just shut up and listen. When you hear what he's been able to do on the album, you really have to be amazed. I honestly don't think that there's anyone better."

With *Back In Black* serving to reaffirm the band's commitment to playing what Malcolm described as "headbanger rock & roll", AC/DC has again become a principle catalyst for the hard rock renaissance that continues to sweep through the United States and Europe. New tunes like *Hells Bells*, and *Rock And Roll Ain't Noise Pollution* exhibit a raw power that make even their hardest rocking competitors pale in comparison. On every cut they



Where Bon Scott once stood there is now Brian Johnson: "I thought they might look at me as an outsider."



The band, from left: Malcolm Young, Brian Johnson, Phil Rudd, Angus Young and Cliff Williams.

play with such passion and energy that it becomes virtually impossible not to be enthralled with their straightforward style.

"We view rock & roll as a common denominator for people," Brian Johnson said as he readjusted the cap that had been pulled tight over his head since well before the band went on stage. "Everybody should be able to get into our type of music. We play simple, but we play with feeling — we're not a contrived and emotionless thing like disco. We've been through a pretty rough time in this band over the last few months, but we've come out believing more than ever in what we're doing. We believe in the power of rock & roll."

It's taken AC/DC only five years to rise from being a faceless bar band back home in Sydney, Australia, to become one of the most recognized hard rock groups in the world. As they stated in one of their earliest songs, "It's a long way to the top if you want to rock & roll", and despite the tragic roadblocks that threatened to detour their path to success, their outrageous and energetic sound continues to serve as a joyous affirmation of the unique music that can only be attained by great rock music. It seems that the five young men who comprise this special band called AC/DC will never lose their desire to live by that simple and direct credo: Let There Be Rock! □

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Feelin'

WALK AWAY

(As recorded by Donna Summer)

PETE BELLOTTE
HAROLD FLATERMEYER

Just another emotion
Is there something more
If it's only a passionate phase
I'd rather just close the door
Turn away, turn away, turn away
Walk away, walk away, walk away,
walk away.

When you know that I need you
Walk away

When you hear me call you
Walk away

Don't you see that I want you
Here by my side
Oh walk away

When you know that I need you
Walk away

When you see me comin'
Walk away

When you know that I need you
Here by my side.

I'm sure that I'll get over you
It'll take awhile you see
Next time there won't be no next
time

Save all my feelings for me
Turn away, turn away, turn away
Walk away, walk away, walk away.
Walk away

When you see that I need you
Walk away

Can't you hear me callin'
Walk away

Don't you know that I need you
Here by my side
Oh walk away

When you see that I need you
Walk away
Can't you hear me callin'
Walk away

Don't you know that I want you
Here by my side.

Walk away
When you know that I need you
Walk away

When you hear me call you
Walk away

When you know that I want you
Here by my side
Oh walk away

Listen to me mister
Walk away

Can't you see that I love you
Walk away

Don't you know that I want you
Here by my side.

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I GOT YOU

(As recorded by Split Enz)

NEIL FINN

I got you
And that's all I want
I won't forget thanks a whole lot
I don't go out not now that you are in
Sometimes we shout
But that's no problem.

I don't know why
Sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes
You can tell that I'm not lyin'.

Look at you you're a pageant
You're everything that I have
imagined
But something's wrong I feel uneasy
Reassure me tell me you're not
teasing.

I don't know why
Sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes can ya
Tell me you are not lyin'.

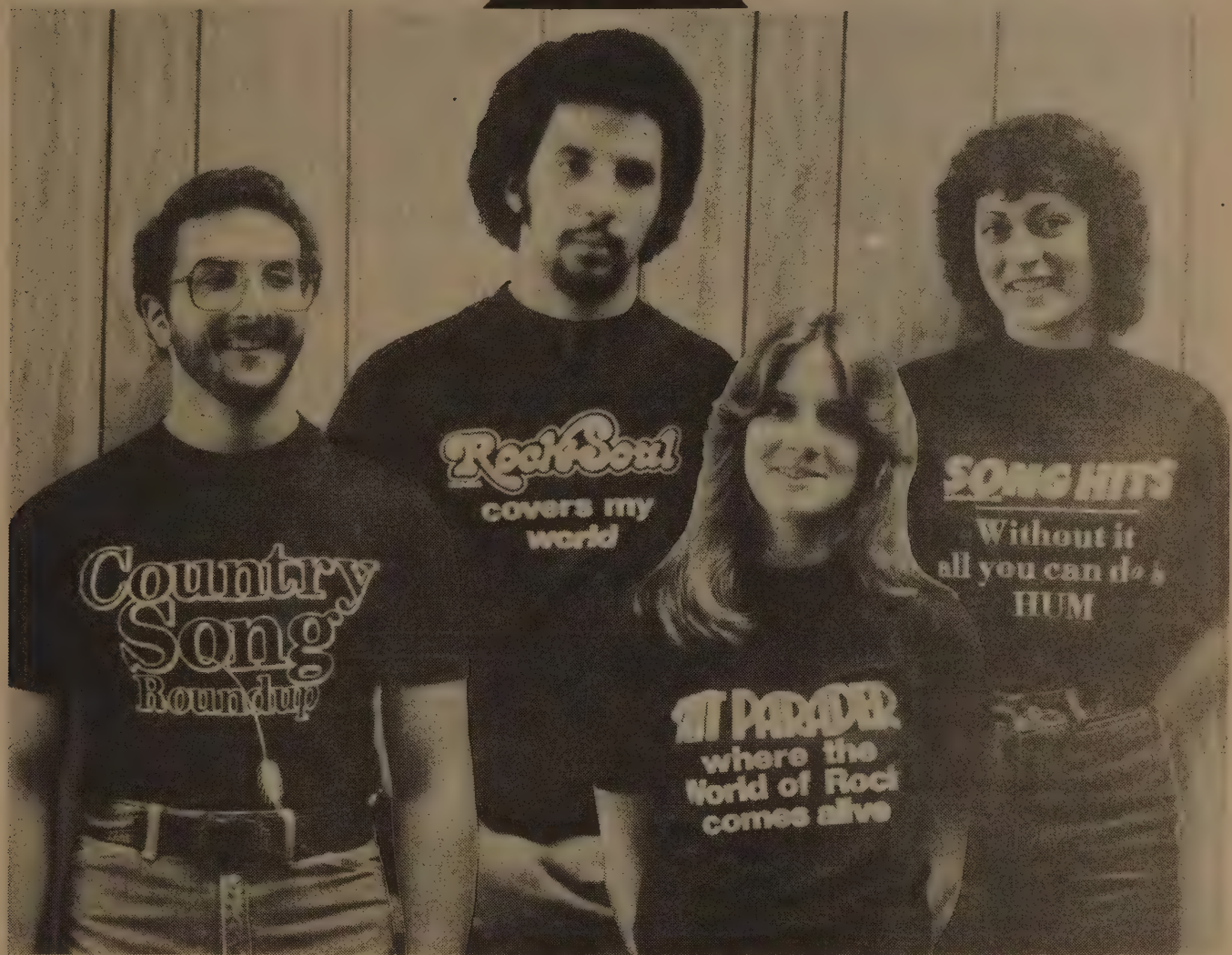
There's no doubt not when I'm with
you
When I'm without I stay in my room
Where do you go I get no answer
You are always out it gets on my
nerves.

(Repeat chorus)

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I'M ALMOST READY

(As recorded by Pure Prairie League)

VINCE GILL

I'm almost ready

To let you know just how bad I feel
I'm almost ready
To let you loose and find another heart to steal.

My friends tell me that they see you
Runnin' around all over town
Please don't make me out to be your fool
Please don't make me out a clown.

I don't know who you think you're foolin'
I hope you don't think that it's me
It's plain to see that you don't love me anymore
I'll say goodbye and you'll be free.

I'm almost ready
To let you know just how bad I feel
I'm almost ready
To let you loose and find another heart to steal.

Oh to let you loose and find another heart to steal
Oh to let you loose and find another heart to steal.

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TOUCH AND GO

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

All I need is what you've got
All I'll tell is what you're not
All you know is what you hear
I get this way when you come near
Then know it's gone too far
Oh oh I touched your star
And it felt so right
Like the hush of midnight
Until you said
With me it's touch and go
All I need is you tonight
I'm flying like a cement kite
In your headlock on the floor
Who could ever ask for more
All I want is you tonight
I guess that dress does fit you tight
And how that look does make me shake
It almost looks too good to fake.

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REAL LOVE

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

MICHAEL McDONALD
PATRICK HENDERSON

Darling I know I'm just another head
on your pillow
If only just tonight girl
Let me hear you lie just a little
Tell me I'm the only man
That you ever really loved
Honey take me back in my memory
Place when it was all very right
So very nice
(So very nice)
So very nice.

Here darlin' stands another bandit
wantin' you
In and out of your life
They come and they go baby
Your days and nights like a wheel
that turns

Grindin' down a secret part of you
Deep inside your heart
That nobody knows baby
When you say comfort me
To anyone who approaches
Chalkin' up the hurt
You live and you learn
Well we've both lived long enough to know

That we'd trade it all right now
For just one minute of real love
darlin'
Real love
Hey baby (real love)
I need to believe it
(Real love)
Real love baby
(Real love)
Real love darlin'
(Real love).

When you say comfort me
To anyone who approaches
Chalkin' up the hurt
We live and we learn
Well we've both lived long enough to know

That we'd trade it all right now
For just one minute of real love
darlin'
Real love
Real love
Real love
Real love
(Real love)
Whoa (real love)
I need to believe it
(Real love)
Real love darlin'.

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GOOD MORNING GIRL

(As recorded by Journey)

STEVE PERRY
MATHEW SCHON

Good morning girl
How you been
Good morning girl
Is love within.

I see your face everywhere
I see your smile
Your golden hair
I see your eyes shining through
Those gentle eyes silver blue.

Good morning girl
How you been
Good morning girl
Is love within.

Good morning girl
It's been long

Good morning girl
To you this song

I sing it girl from the heart
I'll sing it girl from the start.

Good morning girl
How you been
Good morning girl
Is love within.

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STAY AWHILE

(As recorded by Journey)

STEVE PERRY
NEAL SCHON

I'd do anything to hold you
I'd go anywhere to touch you
I'd do anything you want me to
If you'll just stay with me awhile.
I'd sing any song your heart desires
I would sing out loud of love's sweet
fires

Oo I'd do all this and so much more
If you'll just stay with me awhile.

Reach out your hand to me
Oh I'm fallin'

One minute more

I'm fallin'

I'm fallin' oh oh

Fallin'

Fallin'

Fallin'

Fallin'

Won't you just stay with me awhile.

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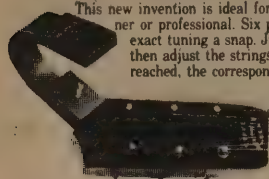
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DREAMING

(As recorded by Cliff Richard)

ALAN TARNEY
LEO SAYER

Four o'clock I've been walkin' all night

It's the time I always think of you
If you could only see through my eyes

Then you'd know just what I'm going through

Here am I, I'm takin' a chance
I'm running around with stars in my eyes

Here am I, I'm looking for you
Wondering why do I feel so blue.

I'm dreamin'

Dreamin' of me and you

I'm dreamin'

Dreamin' will see me through
Never letting chances pass me by
I'm gonna dream you right into my life

Yeah dream you right into my life
(Dreamin', dreamin' will see me through)

Woman you'd better believe that I'm
(Dreamin' you into my life).

Five o'clock still walkin' around
I call you up but you just bring me down

I guess you'd say I'm getting nowhere

But in my dreams you always come

around

Here am I, I'm takin' a chance
I'm walking on air flyin' so high
Here am I, I'm facing the truth
There's no other way I'll ever make you mine.

I'm dreamin'

Dreamin' of me and you
Dreamin', dreamin' will see me through

Never letting chances pass me by
I'm gonna dream you right into my life

Yeah dream you right into my life
(Dreamin', dreamin' will see me through)

Woman you'd better believe that I'll be

(Dreamin' you into my life)

Woman you've got to believe me woman

Oh woman you've got to believe me woman

I'll be (dreamin' you into my life)
You've got to believe me woman

Woman oh woman you've got to believe me

I'll be forever

(Dreamin' you into my life)

Oh woman you got to believe me.

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WOMAN IN LOVE

(As recorded by Barbra Streisand)

BARRY GIBB
ROBIN GIBB

Life is a moment in space
When the dream is gone
It's a lonelier place
I kiss the morning goodbye
But down inside you know we never know why

The road is narrow and long
When eyes meet eyes
And the feeling is strong
I turn away from the wall
I stumble and fall
But I give you it all.

I am a woman in love
And I'd do anything to get you into my world

And hold you within
It's a right I defend
Over and over again
What do I do.

With you eternally mine
In love there is no measure of time
We planned it all at the start

That you and I live in each other's heart

We may be oceans away
You feel my love
I hear what you say
No truth is ever a lie
I stumble and fall
But I give you it all.

I am a woman in love
And I'm talkin' to you
I know how you feel
What a woman can do
It's a right I defend
Over and over again.

I am a woman in love
And I'll do anything to get you into my world
And hold you within
It's a right I defend
Over and over again
What do I do.

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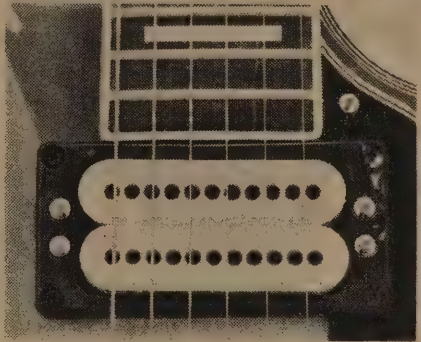
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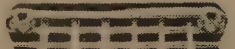
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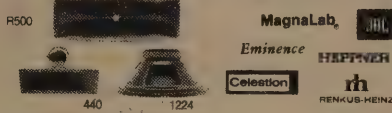
GUITAR COMPONENTS

(All Components Pictured Left to Right)

P1	500K VOLUME Potentiometer w smooth action 6mm shaft	\$ 3.50
P2	500K TONE Potentiometer w smooth action 6mm shaft	\$ 3.50
L11	Switchcraft Input JACK (open circuit)	\$ 1.00
12A	Switchcraft Input JACK (closed circuit)	\$ 1.50
E2	Strap Button machine out of brass & nickel plated	\$ 1.50
S3	Sub-miniature DPDT SWITCH (for phase switching)	\$ 4.00
S4	Sub-miniature SPST SWITCH (for dual to single coil)	\$ 3.00
S1	Switchcraft LEVER SWITCH (for pickup selection)	\$ 6.75
C1	.022 Mylar CAPACITOR for guitar tone circuits	\$ 1.00
C2	.047 Mylar CAPACITOR for Bass Guitar tone	\$ 1.00
JP1	Mono JACKPLATE made from brass & chrome plated	\$ 4.00
JP2	Stereo JACKPLATE made from brass & chrome plated	\$ 4.00
K1	Knob w 6mm shaft, 1 1/8" Dia with Numerals	\$ 2.00
BN6	Brass NUT measures 1 3/4" L x 3/16" W x 5/16" H	\$ 3.00
WS1	Wiring & Shielding Kit which includes 3 mill adhesive copper tape w wire and solder for superior shielding	\$12.00

SAVE \$25.20 on a complete GUITAR KIT-10 which includes (2) M22 Pickups, (2) P1 Controls, (2) P2 Controls (1) S1 Switch, (1) S3 Switch, (2) S4 Switches, (1) L11 Jack, (1) 12A Jack for stereo wiring, (2) C1 Capacitor, (4) K1 Knobs, & (1) WS1 Wiring & Shielding Kit. PRICED SEPARATELY \$145.15 *KIT-10 PRICE \$119.95

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Model	Description	Imp.	DIRECT	list
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1224	12" MagnaLab 80W Guitar Spk	16	\$39	\$65
1588	15" MagnaLab 100W Bass Spk	8	\$49	\$85
G12	12" Celestion 30W Guitar	16	\$59	\$89
4224	12" Super Duty Eminence 125W	8	\$69	\$95
4828	15" Super Duty Eminence 150W	8	\$79	\$110
E120	12" JBL 150W (Full Range)	8	\$139	\$159
E130	15" JBL 150W (Full Range)	8	\$145	\$165
E140	15" JBL 200W (Bass)	8	\$149	\$168
440	800Hz Hefner 40W Horn (16KHz)	16	\$49	\$79
6016	Piezo Super Tweeter 100w		\$11	\$19
2481	JBL 16 Ohm 50W Horn Driver	16	\$199	\$222
SSD1800-16	Renkus-Heinz 40W Driver	16	\$159	\$195
XC1200	Fused 2-Way 1200 Hz Crossover	100W	\$37	\$65
XC500E	Fused 2-Way 800 Hz Crossover	150W	\$59	\$90
R500	Professional 90° Fiberglass Radial Horn for JBL & Renkus-Heinz Drivers. 22" W x 8" H x 16" D		\$129	\$210

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HEROES

(As recorded by The Commodores)

LIONEL RICHIE, JR.
DARRELL P. JONES

Lookin' back thru time
We are in debt to the leaders
Angels of mercy ev'ryone
Good folks who believed there was
no good in evil
Fought long and hard
Until the battles all were won.

Heroes make the sun rise in the
mornin'
Heroes make the moon shine bright
at night
Heroes make our lives a little
stronger
In the soul of ev'ryone.

Lookin' back thru time
We are in debt to the leaders
Angels of mercy ev'ryone
Good folks who believed there was
no good in evil
Fought long and hard
Until the battles all were from.

He's that stranger on the street
He's that child that's at your feet
Searching for freedom and justice
for all
We've seen them time and again
You know they only fight to win
They're the challengers of evil
And I'm glad we know them.

Heroes make the sun rise in the
mornin'
Heroes make the moon shine bright
at night
Heroes make our lives a little
stronger
All our fears go away when he's
'round.

Give us an anchor or a rock to lean
on
A captain to take us through the
storm
What makes a soldier ride alone into
battle
Can anybody tell me where he's
comin' from
He's that stranger on the street.

Oh heroes make the sun rise in the
mornin'
Heroes make the moon shine bright
at night
Heroes make our lives a little
stronger
If you look you'll surely see
There's you and me.

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- Optional 9 Band Graphic EQ for main outputs or reassignment to channels
- Available in 12 or 16 channel models

More important than features, you are buying quality! All wiring is done with a military type wiring harness. The steel chassis is precision formed and assembled in a modular fashion designed to eliminate strong RF fields. All P.C. Boards are super strong G-10 epoxy fiberglass. All components are securely anchored. If the board is dropped, it's still going to work.

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THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

(As recorded by Chicago)

ROBERT LAMM
DANNY SERAPHINE
PETER CETERA

I thought that you thought
That we thought we were bound to
each other
But it's not that way
We don't care about one another
Thunder and lightning
Showed me all the threats you
weren't saying
Thunder and lightning
Gonna throw it all away.

Thunder and lightning
And you touched my life without
warning

Oh how I loved you
You loved me
Now what are we thinking
Thunder and lightning
Will burn you just as sure as I'm
singing
Thunder and lightning
Didn't think it would end this way.

You got your way
We're to blame
But that's okay
Another time, another place
It's one more game
After all is said and done
We'll overcome
The psychological setback of a time
on the run.

It hurt to see you
Play games that were so one-sided
I dealt the cards
But the aces were in your back
pocket
Thunder and lightning
Won't let you alone
'Til I'm paying
Thunder and lightning
Didn't know our love could end this
way.

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Songs, Street Sense Music and
Double Virgo Music, c/o Mitchell,
Silberberg & Knupp, 1800 Century
Park East, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG

(As recorded by AC/DC)

YOUNG
YOUNG
JOHNSON

She was a fast machine
She kept her motor clean
She was the best damn woman
That I've ever seen
She had sightless eyes
Tellin' me no lies
Knockin' me out with those
American thighs
Takin' more than her share
Had me fightin' for air
She told me to come
But I was already there
Cos the walls start shakin'
The earth was quakin'
My mind was achin'
And we were makin' it.

You shook me all night long
Yeah you shook me all night long.

Workin' double time on the
seduction line
She was one of a kind
She just mine all mine
Want no applause just another
course
Made a meal outta me
And came back for more
Had to cool me down
To take another round
Now I'm back in the ring
To take another swing
Cos the walls were shakin'
The earth was quakin'
My mind was achin'
And we were makin' it.

You shook me all night long
Yeah you shook me all night long
(Knocked me out)
You shook me all night long
(You had me shakin' and)
You shook me all night long.

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ON THE ROAD AGAIN (From the Motion Picture Soundtrack "Honeysuckle Rose")

(As recorded by Willie Nelson)

WILLIE NELSON

On the road again
Just can't wait to get on the road
again
The life I love is making music with
my friends
And I can't wait to get on the road
again.

On the road again
Goin' places that I've never been
Seein' things that I may never see
again
And I can't wait to get on the road
again.

On the road again
Like a band of gypsies we go down
the highway
We're the best of friends
Insisting that the world keep turning
our way
And our way is on the road again
Just can't wait to get on the road
again
The life I love is makin' music with
my friends
And I can't wait to get on the road
again.

On the road again
Just can't wait to get on the road
again
The life I love is making music with
my friends
And I can't wait to get on the road
again.

On the road again
Goin' places that I've never been
Seein' things that I may never see
again
And I can't wait to get on the road
again
And I can't wait to get on the road
again.

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With **REVERSE CALORIES** in Speed Reducing Foods

MEN & WOMEN SHED UP TO 20 POUNDS IN A WEEK—50 POUNDS IN A MONTH!

Simply mix them with your favorite fattening foods like French fries, ice cream, cookies, even beer — and you can lose more than you've eaten! — says Rex Adams

How would you like to shed up to TWO POUNDS OR MORE A DAY? Impossible? Perhaps. But with the startling discovery of REVERSE CALORIES—the more you eat the more you LOSE!

Over four decades ago, a medical doctor made a little-known discovery—a discovery that in certain foods REVERSE CALORIES actually take weight from the body!

These foods destroy fat, he found, and neutralize the effects of fattening foods—to help people shed up to 2 pounds or more daily. REVERSE CALORIES, he found, permit you to eat many seemingly forbidden foods, and lose weight safely!

REVERSE CALORIES BURN FAT!

Spectacular weight-loss occurred! Men and women shed up to TWO POUNDS OR MORE A DAY with the amazing discovery of REVERSE CALORIES in speed reducing foods—foods that permit you to EAT FATTENING FOODS like ice cream, cake, sweet snacks galore, and never worry about gaining!

WEIGHT TUMBLES OFF IN RECORD SPEED!

You must eat large amounts of speed reducing foods, to lose weight quickly said this doctor. And what foods they are! You eat to satisfy your taste as well as your hunger! You dine regally, and even though you eat THREE POUNDS of food a day—the weight tumbles off you in record speed!

THIS IS DUE TO REVERSE CALORIES in Speed Reducing Foods! These foods have a MINUS value calorically! They are so difficult to burn, your body must burn its own fat to digest them! You LOSE CALORIES! You LOSE MORE THAN YOU'VE EATEN! These foods literally burn fat!

And they do it faster and more effectively than starvation! When this doctor put a 240 pound woman on a starvation diet (no food), she lost only 4 pounds in a week! But when he

switched her to speed reducing foods, she lost at the rate of nearly TWO POUNDS A DAY!

GO AHEAD AND EAT FOODS YOU LOVE!

Speed Reducing Foods with REVERSE CALORIES destroy fat and neutralize the effect of fattening foods! Simply by mixing them with your favorite fattening foods, like French fries, ice cream, cookies, even beer, you can lose more than you've eaten!!

"I can enjoy bread, potatoes, or a piece of chocolate cream cake a la mode if I so desire," said this doctor, who lost 30 pounds with this method. By mixing them with Speed Reducing Foods, said this expert: "Not only have I failed to add calories to my score, I have actually trimmed some off."

To show you how Speed Reducing Foods can be mixed with fattening foods, and still produce quick weight loss, one man was able to eat bread, potato and wine with Speed Reducing Foods, and lose 20 pounds in 12 days!

R.D. said he'd rather starve than eat "diet" foods—and he meant it. He'd been starving on "one glorious meal a day" for a month, lost 15 pounds, and gained half of it back the first time he ate normally. But then he heard that Speed Reducing Foods destroy fat 3 times faster than starvation!

And some were actually "forbidden foods" he thought were fattening! He immediately tried them. Result: 30 pounds gone in 2½ weeks!

YOU SEE IMMEDIATE RESULTS!

It's satisfying and encouraging to see your weight drop rapidly each day. That is the essential fact in this revolutionary speed reducing diet. You lose pounds and inches FAST, FAST, FAST! The reason it will—it must—work for you, no matter how many times you failed till now is simple: You see immediate results!

• SPEED REDUCING FOODS DESTROY HARD-TO-MELT FAT! Hundreds reported that their "spare tire" and extra chins



had obligingly disappeared! These foods prevent water-weight gain, too! Jowls that wobble and wobble, hips that billow and surge, abdomens that undulate soon become firm—watch and see—said this doctor! In addition, he said, you lose pounds without exercise! "I'll take the food way to slimmest... it's easy to dissolve that extra fat with foods," he said. "It's no-cook cooking all the way, in most cases—no muss, no fuss or bother! You can eat out—with over 100 foods to choose from—and take the menu in stride!

• SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO EACH DAY! —For example, on conventional diets, it takes so long, the foods are so bland, and there's nothing to look forward to at mealtime for such a long time, you are soon easily discouraged. But on the Speed Reducing Diet, you eat to satisfy your taste as well as your hunger. You dine regally, and even though you eat 3 pounds of food a day—the weight tumbles off you in record speed!

• YOU CAN SEE IT HAPPENING—You'll be delighted and impressed by the speed of the decided drop in your weight when you step on the scale each morning—yes, each morning—it can change that fast! Every single day you'll be sure you're reducing, as you drop up to 6 pounds immediately and then shed weight at the rate of 1½ to 2 pounds or more daily!

• YOU STAY SLIM PERMANENTLY!—You'll never have to worry about regaining lost weight—and you never really abandon the foods you enjoy. If you gain a few pounds, it's a simple matter to shed them quickly—often in as little as ONE DAY—with amazing Speed Reducing Foods!

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Imagine the startling discovery of REVERSE CALORIES!

The more you eat the more you lose...

REVERSE CALORIES BURN FAT! EATING LARGE AMOUNTS OF THEM MAKES YOU THIN!

What are Speed Reducing Foods! I can only reveal that they are certain foods all available at your corner grocery or supermarket. This doctor said they have a MINUS value calorically—they take away rather than add fat! The first hint that some foods really DO take weight from the body was discovered by this doctor in observing certain overweight patients. Those who ate these foods enjoyed a spectacular weight loss!

Just how fast this happened became clear when he realized a 240 pound woman, stuffing herself on these foods, was losing at a breathtaking speed of nearly 2 lb. a day.

It seemed impossible that a person eating 2½ to 3 lb. of food, and more, per day was losing at a rate 3 times faster than starvation! He had his secretary get out the records. Average weight loss, all cases combined, was over a pound a day!

Existing Beliefs Shattered!

"I had to reclassify foods," said this doctor. Some foods were definitely MINUS foods and CAUSED AN ACTUAL WEIGHT LOSS! Effects were exactly the opposite—in every way of what you normally expect from food. You don't gain weight from eating them, you lose weight!

The calories in speed reducing foods act like REVERSE CALORIES! They are so difficult to burn, your body must burn its own fat to digest them! You lose calories! You lose more than you've eaten! This causes an actual weight loss!

You Can Lose 5-6 lbs. Immediately!

To lose weight rapidly, you have to consume large quantities of Speed Reducing Foods ("I can hardly eat all the food given," said one woman). Eating large quantities of food for rapid reduction is something new, but it is correct, said this doctor!

With Speed Reducing Foods, you can lose 5-6 lbs. im-

mediately, and then shed weight at the rate of 1½ to 2 pounds or more daily! Imagine losing OVER A POUND A DAY—EVERY DAY—day after day, while stuffing yourself with amazing Speed Reducing Foods!

THOUSANDS OF RADIO LISTENERS REPORTED SPECTACULAR RESULTS!

By chance, this doctor had an opportunity to deliver some diet talks over the radio. Thousands of listeners responded, suggesting that he actually broadcast a complete speed reducing diet, giving the menus day by day. The result was a big radio reducing party! Each day, hundreds of people who went on the diet phoned, wrote, and even telegraphed their progress! A total of 26,000 participated! When he totaled up the score, average weight loss, was OVER A POUND A DAY! The notion that it isn't safe to lose over a pound a day was BLASTED, said this doctor, and the Speed Reducing Diet PROVED itself, in case after case!

• Janet B. weighed 140 lbs., instead of her ideal weight of 120. She wanted to slim down for her class reunion. With these Speed Reducing Foods, she lost 20 pounds in a week!

• D.R. was grossly fat at 205 lbs., instead of his ideal weight of 135. He could never reduce and stay reduced—until he heard how Speed Reducing Foods guaranteed speedy weight loss, while eating frequently! He tried it and lost 15 pounds the first week, 11 pounds the second week—70 pounds in 2 months, permanently! Afterward he could continue eating most of his favorite fattening foods without gaining!

• Mrs. J. T. weighed 175 lbs., instead of her ideal weight of 125. All other methods had been so slow her will power snapped. With Speed Reducing Foods, she had plenty to eat—felt full all the time—and was able to satisfy her sweet tooth! She could see it happening as she lost 1½ to 2 pounds a day! Result: 50 pounds lost in a month!



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LIVE EVERY MINUTE

(As recorded by Ali Thomson)

ALI THOMSON

Live, live every minute
Don't leave till tomorrow
What you can do today.

Any news is bad news
When your world comes tumbling
down

You can fight but still lose
Salvation can't be found
So what am I gonna do
(Don't sit and talk about it)
How will I get through
(Don't sit and dream about it)
You know what's wrong
You know what's right
So spare yourself a little time.

Live, live every minute
Don't leave till tomorrow
What you can do today.

Give, give every minute
Try a little harder
And you will find your way.

Love will bring you sweetness
Take your hopes so high
But when you're at your weakest
Love will say goodbye
So how did it happen to me
(Don't be a fool about it)
Was I so blind not to see
(Don't blame yourself about it)
You know what's wrong
You know what's right
So spare yourself a little time.

Live, live every minute
Don't leave till tomorrow
What you can do today.

Give, give every minute
Try a little harder
And you will find your way.

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COULD I HAVE THIS DANCE

(As recorded by Anne Murray)

WAYLAND HOLYFIELD
BOB HOUSE

I'll always remember the song they
were playing
The first time we danced and I knew
As we swayed to the music
And held to each other
I fell in love with you.

Could I have this dance for the rest
of my life?

Would you be my partner every
night?

When we're together it feels so right
Could I have this dance for the rest
of my life?

I'll always remember that magic
moment
When I held you close to me
As we moved together
I knew forever
You're all I'll ever need.

Could I have this dance for the rest
of my life?

Would you be my partner every
night?

When we're together it feels so right
Could I have this dance for the rest
of my life?

Rest of my life?
Rest of my life?

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MY PRAYER

(As recorded by Ray, Goodman and Brown)

GEORGES BOULANGER
JIMMY KENNEDY

When the twilight is gone
And no song bird is singing
When the twilight is gone
You come into my heart
And here in my heart you will stay
While I pray.

My prayer is to linger with you
At the end of the day
In a dream that's divine
My prayer is a rapture in blue
With the world far away

And your lips close to mine
Tonight while our hearts are aglow
Oh tell me the words that I'm longing
to know

My prayer and the answer you give
May they still be the same
For as long as we live
That you'll always be there
At the end of my prayer.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of **AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!**

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may not want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—you alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now; however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you \$1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, it's done! The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not why!

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM \$500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him \$500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just minutes away!
Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of THE MIRACLE OF PSYCHO-COMMAND POWER by Scott Reed! I understand the book is mine for only \$0.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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I'M COMING OUT

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

**BERNARD EDWARDS
NILE RODGERS**

I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show.

There's a new me coming out
And I just have to live
And I wanna give
I'm completely positive
I think this time around
I am gonna do it
Like you never knew it oh
I'll make it through
The time has come for me to break
out of this shell
I have to shout that I am coming out.

I got to show the world
All that I want to be
All my abilities
There's so much more to me
Somehow I'll have to make them just
understand
I got it well in hand
And oh how I've planned
I'm spreadin' love
And there's no need to fear
And I just feel so good
Ev'ry time I hear.

I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show.

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S.O.S.

(Dit Dit Dit Dash Dash
Dash Dit Dit Dit)

(As recorded by The S.O.S. Band)

**SIGIDI and BRUNO SPEIGHT
JAMES EARL JONES
JASON BRYANT
JOHN SIMPSON
BILLY ELLIS
MARY DAVIS
WILLIE "Sonny" KILLEBREW**

S.O.S.
S.O.S.

We're sending out an S.O.S.
And it's not a signal of distress
It stands for sounds of success
We're sending out an S.O.S.
We're sending it to Y.O.U.
Take it and do
What you want to
This sort of thing is something new
So help us get this message
through.

S.O.S.
S.O.S.
Look around and see what's
happ'ning
Ev'rybody is surely getting down
Doin' the dance
Time to get on up now
Don't mess around
Come join us in this new sound.

We want to make the music move
you
If you will let us
We will groove you.

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YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'

(As recorded by Daryl Hall and
John Oates)

**PHIL SPECTOR
BARRY MANN
CYNTHIA WEIL**

You never close your eyes any more
When I kiss your lips
And there's no tenderness like
before
In your fingertips
You're tryin' hard not to show it
But baby, baby I know it.

You've lost that lovin' feelin'
Woh oh that lovin' feelin'
You've lost that lovin' feelin'
Now it's gone, gone, gone, gone
Woh oh oh oh.

Now there's no welcome look in
your eyes
When I reach for you
And girl you're startin' to criticize
Little things I do
It makes me just feel like cryin'
'Cause baby something beautiful's
dyin'.
Baby baby I'd get down on my knees
for you
If that would make you love me
Like you used to do
We had a love a love you don't find
every day
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Let it slip away.

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Edward D. Konick

Now, Even If You Have Been Thin For Years, You Can

GAIN ^{UP TO} 5, 10, 15 POUNDS

without dangerous drugs, without exercise,
without unpleasant tasting medicines,
MEN—an impressive manly body,
WOMEN—a curvier, glamorous figure.

If you had started this amazing method just a few short weeks ago, right now you could be up to 5, 10, even 15 pounds heavier or more!

At last, no matter what you have tried, no matter what you have done, if you are a normally healthy person, you can gain up to 5, 10, 15 pounds or more safely, surely, pleasantly, and that's a guaranteed money-back fact.

Yes now, even if you have been thin for years, you can have the fuller, more attractive body you have always wanted without dangerous drugs, without heart-straining exercise, without unpleasant tasting medicines!

This exciting method is easy, pleasant, and medically sound beyond a shadow of a doubt, and your own Doctor could tell you the same thing.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Before meals, or whenever you feel like it, you take delicious, chewable, nutritionally fortified GAIN tablets and that's it! No other medication to take. Nothing difficult or unpleasant to do, and without even being aware of it, a wonderfully exciting change takes place.

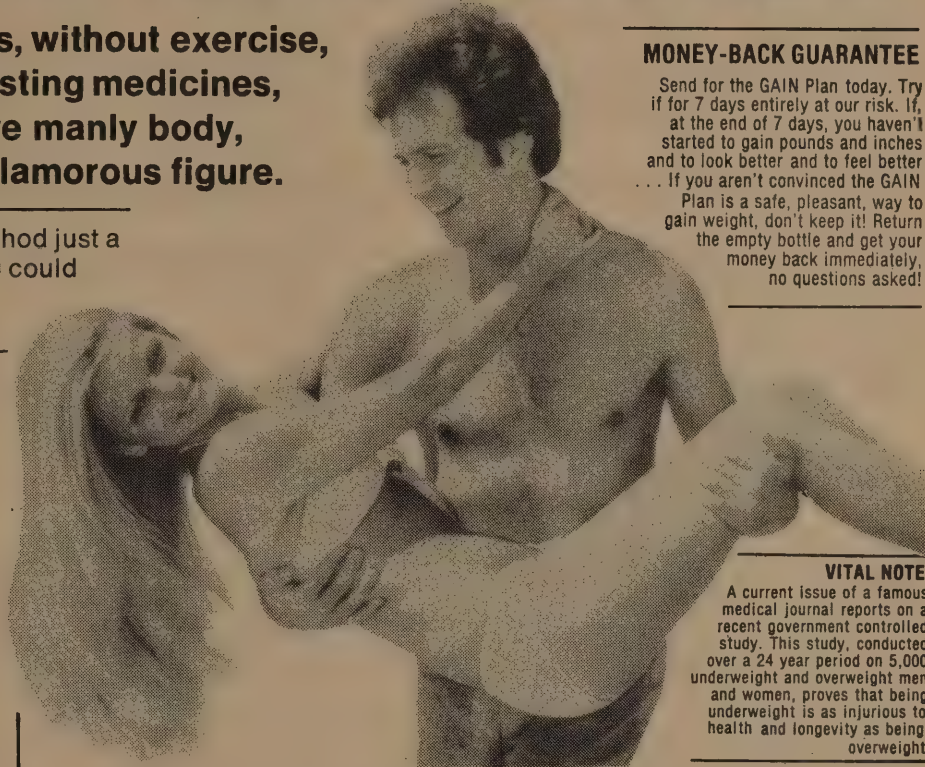
Those high-calorie GAIN tablets are rich in body-building materials! They not only add weight themselves, but they sharpen your appetite! You look forward to meal-times, and without even realizing it, you start to eat more and almost immediately the weight gaining process begins!

As you follow your GAIN Plan which includes nutritional high calorie menus. You add pounds and inches to your arms, legs, chest, hips, everywhere. You'll be amazed at the fantastic transformation that occurs . . . as thin, unattractive areas start to develop into new magnetic appeal. You'll be

SKINNY MEN AND WOMEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE



. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give the GAIN Plan a chance to help build you up and put firm flesh on you.



thrilled to discover that as you gain weight you will have more pep and energy for all the wonderful things in life!

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THE DOOBIE BROTHERS

BORN AGAIN LEGENDS

"We all thought seriously that this could be the end, but we went on vacation and when we got back to L.A., (we) decided to stay together."

by Kathy Loy

The past year has been eventful for the Doobie Brothers. The California-based rock band capped off a tenth anniversary celebration this year by walking away with four Grammy Awards, the record industry's most prestigious annual accolades. *What A Fool Believes* from the **Minute By Minute** album was voted Record Of The Year, while the album's title track was awarded Best Pop Vocal Performance By A Group. Multi-talented Michael McDonald won Grammys for Best Arrangement Accompanying Vocalists, and with friend and non-band member Kenny Loggins, co-writers of *What A Fool Believes*.

Being a widely successful rock act today doesn't promise a problem-free existence,

however. Shortly after the release of **Minute By Minute**, at four million-plus sales in the U.S. alone, the Doobies' biggest selling album yet, drummer and founding member John Hartman left to study veterinary medicine and to devote more time to raising Arabian horses on his ranch. Guitarist Jeff Baxter, who came into the band in late 1974 from Steely Dan and is a highly sought after session musician, left the Doobies to devote more time to producing (Nazareth, Livingston Taylor). The Doobies were left as a quartet, with drummer Keith Knudsen, bassist Tiran Porter, pianist/vocalist Michael McDonald and guitarist Patrick Simmons, the sole remaining founding member. Not since the departure of Tom

Johnston, founder, chief songwriter and vocalist for the group in its early days, who left in 1977 for health reasons, had the Doobie Brothers experienced such turmoil.

"We had a big meeting," Knudsen recalled, "and everyone had a good cry. It was hard to let go. I guess we all thought seriously that this could be the end, but we went on vacation and when we got back to L.A., Tiran, Pat, Mike and I decided to stay together."

Cornelius Bumpus, a keyboard and sax player from Dallas, Texas, who at one time played with San Francisco rockers Moby Grape (ironically, it was Skip Spence of Moby Grape that introduced Tom Johnston to John Hartman in 1969 and



The new band, from left: Cornelius Bumpus, Pat Simmons, Tiran Porter, Michael McDonald, John McFee, Keith Knudsen, Chet McCracken.

started the Doobies on its course), was recruited into the new lineup, along with guitarist/violinist John McFee and session drummer Chet McCracken. The new group has already toured, recorded and appeared in the **No Nukes** film, a result of two performances at the week-long anti-nuke benefit concerts at Madison Square Garden in Sept. 1979. In short time, the group was a cohesive unit again, working as an ensemble rather than a vehicle for guiding lights McDonald and Simmons.

"I think it's the best album we've ever done," Knudsen opined, regarding **One Step Closer**, the group's most recent album, and the first featuring the new group. "There was a lot of pressure on us because of the success of **Minute By Minute**, but we worked hard and long and the material was well rehearsed. It was so much fun playing that we forgot about the pressure. We cut the basic tracks with everybody. We even did several solos live, so we didn't have a lot of overdubbing to do."

"The band is different and I believe this album reflects our new energy," said McDonald.

"I'm really happy with the album," relayed McFee, who co-wrote the lp's title track with Knudsen and Johnny Cash's step-daughter, Carlene Carter. "because it is really a group effort where everyone contributed."

Of the first single, Michael McDonald's *Real Love*, McFee said, "I think it's probably Mike's best song to date. The lyrics are some of the most heartfelt I've ever heard."

While a lyricist usually establishes the musical idea and so gets songwriting credit, each number is a group effort.

"We usually start with a concept, just an instrumental track with no vocals," McDonald explained. "We write more from a musician's standpoint than someone like Kris Kristofferson, who writes a story idea and then writes music around that. We write our lyrics around our music most of the time."

McDonald came into the fold from Steely Dan in 1975. Soon after, he was featured in **Takin' It To The Streets**, quickly establishing himself with his dominant soulful pop influence. Simmons, however, who joined the Doobies when they were still working as a trio called Pud, leans more towards bluegrass and hard-driving rock and roll. Because both are capable of writing and arranging songs independently, talk of solo albums has sporadically surfaced.

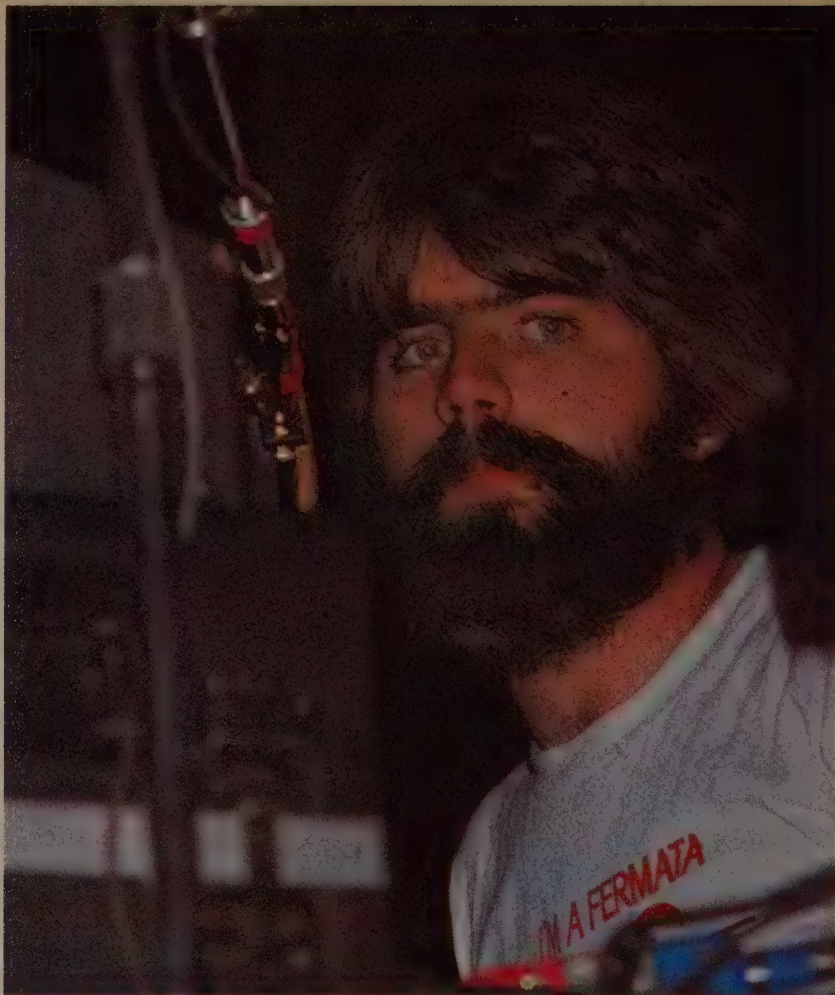
"We both want to do solo albums," McDonald has said, "but I don't want to quit the Doobies to perform on my own."

"The Doobie Brothers schedule is set up to allow each of us time off to do our own thing," Simmons agreed. "It's a great arrangement because we get the fraternal aspect of working on projects together, but at the same time we each have the opportunity to do solo projects."

"There have never been any problems," McDonald said. "If anything, we've learned a lot from each other as writers. We've had our arguments, of course, but we're not going to let it get to where we can't speak to each other."

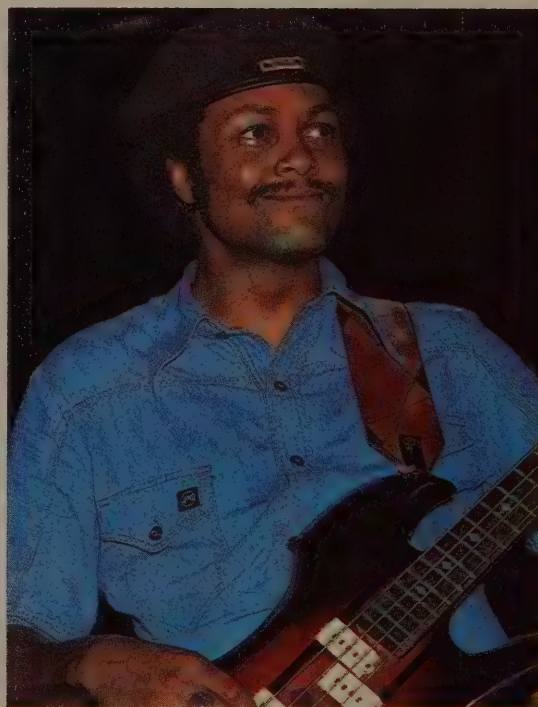
The Doobie Brothers' success has been reflected through the sales of more than 33 million records, but like most groups, the group started with humble beginnings.

"You wouldn't have believed the Doobie scene in the early days," laughed



Russell C. Turiak

Michael McDonald: "Our band is a democracy."



Russell C. Turiak

Tiran Porter: "Love between a group of people is really something, especially when one of these people happens to be me."

Simmons, the charismatic frontman, who while off the road raises chickens, ducks, goats, rabbits, guinea pigs and bees on a large farm in the middle of a redwood forest in the Santa Cruz mountains high above Los Gatos, where he lives with his girlfriend of ten years.

"We had an image of ourselves as tough guys, and that image was aided by the frequent presence of various members of the San Jose chapter of the Hells Angels at our shows."

The bikers would ride through the front door of the clubs, drunk and swinging whips, according to Simmons. The Doobies' reputation as "an Angels band" was further promoted when the group became the house band at a rowdy saloon in Santa Cruz that was rarely patrolled by the police.

"It was a matter of course that fights

would break out every night," remembered Simmons. "Some of the most memorable nights featured everything you could imagine. You name it and those Angel guys were doing it, from beating the hell out of each other to having their chicks doing everything imaginable to them in the middle of the floor. It was outrageous and it was great!"

In 1972, *Listen To The Music* from **Toulouse Street** became a hit and drew attention to the band, but the press dismissed the group as "hippie hard rockers." In 1973, the group hit again with *Long Train Runnin'* and *China Grove*. The Doobies toured more, promoting the records and building a larger following.

"We used to get plastered all the time," remembered Simmons. "We were the perfect example of the hard working, hard

living rock and roll band. Every night we were up all night movin' and groovin'. It was such fast living, we became walking zombies!"

"We were doing everything for all it was worth because we figured we would last a couple of years at the most. We'd go from the road to the studio and try to keep our home life together with our old ladies."

Today the Doobies are among the few bands that conduct business through a self-inclusive corporation. The band coordinates its own studio time, tours, rehearsals, individual projects and rest.

"Before I joined the Doobies and I was playing with other groups, I had to be on the road and away from home for much longer periods of time," explained McFee, who now lives in Sonoma with his wife and son. "Our schedule now is much more sane. The band is able to plan things in a way that makes sense for all of us as human beings. The band itself is so oriented toward musical development, (that) there are no limitations. Everybody can contribute and work as a team to zero in on a certain direction. Musically, it's just great to work with people who are so talented."

"There are no ego trips to hassle with," agreed McCracken, a resident of northern California. "The Doobies are just real down to earth guys and it's a pleasure to be a part of the group."

Down to earth perhaps, except when they are flying from one gig to the next. The Doobies travel aboard their own plane, the Doobie-liner, customized to approximate the comfort of home.

"It was great being in this little plane rapping with the Doobies and eating burgers and pizza," recalled Eddie Money, about the time he was invited aboard. "Then, all of a sudden I saw smoke coming out of the back and those crazy bastards had me convinced we were gonna crash! I thought I was gonna die, and it just turned out to be the normal exhaust system or something. The Doobies had themselves a good laugh on me."

The Doobie Brothers aren't really a crazy band in the sense of breaking up hotel rooms, having wild parties and such, but they do have fun and enjoy playing practical jokes on each other. There have been colossal food fights along the way, and they admit there are some hotels that won't take them back.

Offstage, the Doobies are generous with their time and money. The band dedicates each December to humanitarian efforts, contributing heavily to the Children's Hospital at Stanford and hosting other charity events. The two performances at the MUSE Concerts For A Non-Nuclear Future, from which **No Nukes** was made, was a reflection of the band members' concern on this controversial issue.

"Our band is a democracy," McDonald said, in summing up the Doobie Brothers. "Everyone at one time or another has something to say. We're all usually pretty considerate of one another and give each other a chance to express ourselves. We all make an effort to listen. That's the reason the band has survived. It's a real emotional experience to be in a band that is involved with each other both on a business and friendship level."

"Love between two people is beautiful," offered Porter, "but love between a group of people is really something, especially when one of those people happens to be me." □



Pat Simmons and Doobie friend Nicolette Larson. Simmons is the only original member still with the band.

Russell C. Tuttle

BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS...

JOE JACKSON

"When you're successful a lot of people listen to what you say but don't believe you anymore."

by Ed Naha

Joe Jackson wraps his six-foot-plus frame around a small chair in A&M Records' New York headquarters. In town for a concert date, the British singer/composer is taking care of a few last minute details on his latest album, **Beat Crazy**. "I want this record to be special," he says, adding with a smile, "to be amazing."

If anything can be termed "amazing," it's Joe Jackson's meteoric rise to stardom. Just two years ago, Jackson; bassist Graham Maby; drummer Dave Houghton and guitarist Gary Sanford, were cutting demos in Portsmouth, England. Today, he is one of the leading purveyors of British pop with two top tenning LPs under his belt, **Look Sharp** and **I'm The Man**, and several hit singles, including the global smash **Is She Really Going Out With Him**. At this point, you wouldn't think that Joe Jackson would be worried about his reputation as a rock and roller. Yet he is.

"I don't want to be taken for granted," he explains, his wide eyes growing serious. "And I don't want to slacken off with my music, either. This is my third album, following two successful records. At this stage, most artists try to maintain their success instead of trying to move forward. Moving forward is much more difficult, but that's what we're trying to do with this record."

"I don't know what this album will do to my fans in the States. It's either going to be a dismal failure or a huge success. I can live with either. I'll be disappointed if the album just flounders."

In Jackson's opinion, **Beat Crazy** is a daring, yet logical, next step in his musical career. "I feel funny talking about it," he admits, "but I have to say that it's different from anything we've ever done before. I think it's the best work we've ever done. Some people are going to say 'Oh my. I really liked his first album but now he's turning out total

crap.' Other people are going to say 'Great. What a leap forward.' It's the most mature thing I've done to date. A lot more exciting, more inspiring than the other albums. The songs are about important topics, topics that affect everyone. Before, I felt that I was writing too much about myself. I made a conscious effort not to do that this time out."

"There are 12 songs on this album and they're all about different subjects. It's a complex album. Not in terms of its instrumentation, because that's pretty simple, but lyrically. The songs were inspired by the total confusion and the misery I see around me."

Jackson pauses in mid-speech. "Hmmm. That might make it sound pessimistic. It isn't. It's realistic. You could summarize this album by saying that Joe's stopped messing around. I've started to write about what I feel and talk about what I really believe in. In the past, I've never been *anti* anything in an obvious way. But I've always been anti-ignorance, anti-bigotry, anti-stereotypes and anti-a lot of other things. I feel that, now that I'm successful, it's important that I say what I believe."

"I've been labeled a sheer pop act. I've been criticized for writing too many songs about me being rejected by women. Well, I'm very much affected by things going on around me. Unemployment in Britain is up to 30%. I'm fortunate to be earning a living by doing what I want to do, so I can't turn my back on people and say 'I'm OK, the hell with you.' Some people think that I'm a rich rock star who doesn't really know what's going on. Well, I'm not rich and I do know. I've never compromised in order to achieve success. I'm still not compromising. I never will. If this album is a total failure, I'll still carry on doing things just the way I want. It's important that people know that. When you're successful a lot of peo-



The editor was worried that we didn't have any rock star beer drinking photos, so here's Joe Jackson doing a Budweiser ad.

ple listen to what you say but don't believe you anymore."

In an effort to stave off the negative aspects of success, Jackson has gone topical on **Beat Crazy**, although, admittedly, his concept of 'topical' is a bit removed from the normal definition of the word. "I don't know whether you can consider this record controversial," he begins, "but it's certainly different. There's one song called *Fit*, which isn't about jogging or anything. It's about how if you don't fit, then you're really fit for nothing. It's a play on words. There's another song called *Evil Eye* that concerns a guy who works in a butcher shop in Southeast

lyrics. People tend to take them too seriously. In some ways I want to be taken seriously because I want people to know that I'm saying something and writing about things that are important. But there's a lot of irony in my lyrics that people seem to miss. Maybe it's too subtle for them but I don't see that it should be.

"I don't write other lyrics. I like to write words that make sense. On this album, I've put across interesting ideas without using obscure words. I'm not preaching and I'm not writing in a language that makes no sense. I don't think you have to be obscure to be original. You can be original

band tonight.' To me, that's just not enough. We played a gig in Holland and the Knack opened for us. The lead singer got up there and said 'Well, we're just having a bit of fun up here. And that's what rock and roll is, just a little bit of fun.' The audience booed him. I felt like going up on stage and hitting the guy.

"I'm 26-years-old now, and I have lots of problems. Why should I try to make music to try to convince people that the world is nothing but a lot of fun. It's too late for that now. Rock has gone past the 'let's have fun and party' stage. The world just isn't like that anymore. I'm not saying that

album. **Beat Crazy** is clearly an important event for Jackson. The happy, smiling singer who once boasted pointed-toed white shoes and sang classical laments of broken teenaged hearts and heads is coming of age. If he has his way, he'll take the traditional concept of pop music and batter it into meaningful shape. He wants to take his music to the next rung and, ideally, take his audience with him as well.

"I don't want people to judge me by what fad is in this particular week," he says, before darting out the door. "I want to be judged by what I do. I feel secure about this record because I know it's the best



Laure Paladino

"Some people think that I'm a rich rock star who doesn't really know what's going on."



Gary Gershoff

You could summarize **Beat Crazy** "by saying that Joe's stopped messing around."

London. He's going crazy so he turns to voodoo."

As high as he ranks on the pop charts and as accepted as his songs are by millions, Jackson is genuinely concerned about his ability, or lack of it, to communicate lyrically with his audience. "I worry about being misinterpreted," he reveals. "No matter how clearly you try to express yourself, it's surprising how many people take your lyrics the wrong way. I think a lot of people miss the humor in my

and still get across your ideas. That's what I'm trying to do."

What's this? Seriousness from one of the main exponents of nouveau pop? Jackson nods affirmatively. Despite his connection with the apolitical pop scene, the songwriter is trying desperately to inject lyrical clout to the realm of toe-tapping rhythms. "A lot of people use rock in an escapist sort of way," he states. "You know, 'Let's not think about the problems of the world. Let's go see this rock

music should be gloomy and doomy, but it seems to mean more if it has some sort of contact with reality. I mean if the guy onstage is singing about a real situation that I can identify with, I find that it's a whole lot more inspiring than him shouting 'let's party.' I find that really boring. Any twit can do that. I'm trying to make music that's exciting but real, too."

A publicist passes by the door and Joe is told of a meeting upstairs concerning his

we've ever done. If my listeners get any kind of good out of it all I'll be happy. But the worst thing they can say about it is that we haven't tried."

He shakes his head ruefully. "We try harder than any other band I know of. If people can't hear that, well..."

The publicist calls a second time. Jackson adjusts his shoulders into their perpetual slouch and ambles out of the office.

He leaves the door open for a reply. □

Caught IN THE Act

by Jim Farber

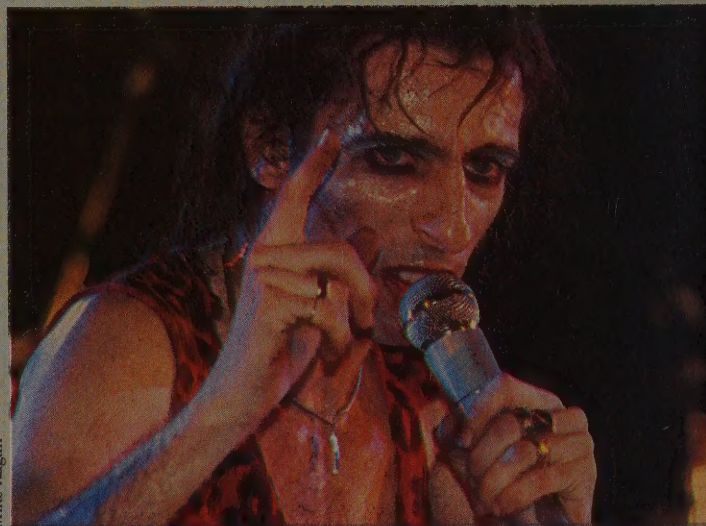
UTOPIA

Todd Rundgren & Utopia's show in N.Y.'s Central Park was a testimonial to the virtue of modesty and how "progression" can lead you absolutely nowhere. During the two and a half hour marathon set, when the band stuck with more modest pop, things pumped along with joyful ease. Fortunately, this element dominated. The latter third of Utopia's concert, however, was horribly indulgent, what some people insist on calling "progressive music" (i.e. the sort of purposeless kitchen-sink riffing you'd hear from Rush or recent Jeff Beck).

Thankfully, the less-ambitious first part of the show was devoted entirely to Utopia's brand of heavy metal pop, mostly from the band's *Adventures In Utopia* album. The real achievement in translating this material live is in capturing Rundgren's trademark vocal rushes. The other three members of the band, Roger Powell (keyboards), Kasim Sultan (bass) and John "Willie" Wilcox (drums), have voices strikingly similar to Todd's, making for a tight integration of sound. They proved that the best Utopia

material approaches a level of suburban soul we'd associate with The Rascals or Hall & Oates. Numbers like *Love In Action* or *Rock Love*, the show's high points, have built-in ascent-to-heaven vocal lines that top notch soul singers could translate into something transcendent: Rundgren's emotionally limited falsetto hardly reaches those celestial heights, but within the simple realm of lightweight R&B, it lifts us high enough.

The biggest, crashing thud of the evening came with the opening of the latter part of the concert, with circle-jerk showcases (drum solos), followed by what Rundgren called "some real Utopia music", aimless chunks of heavy metal riffs which proved nothing except how many chord changes musicians can make per minute. However, the rat squeal synthesizers, the arena-rock fog machines, and the clumsily integrated *Bohemia* tapes did not outweigh all that was good about the show, leaving room towards the end for songs like *Couldn't I Just Tell You*. The believable innocence of numbers like this make it the only music this night which one could conceivably place under the bloated title, Utopia. □



Mike Kagan

ALICE COOPER

Where do you go after you've been a Hollywood Square? When he appeared on that show, Alice Cooper achieved the apex of absurdity in his career. It was final proof of his point that the MacDonaldland of America will take any weirdness to its heart so long as you imply in your attitude that you don't really mean it. (Conversely, they will accept nothing without this safety clause.)

Alice has enough love of the ultra-Americana trash aesthetic to still create mildly witty, if self-indicting music. His albums since the breakup of his original band, however, have reduced themselves to lame, dead baby jokes. It's not that we expect his work to still be threatening (it really never was), but the disgusting-chic theme should at least have joyous conviction. Unfortunately Alice's recent *Flush The Fashion* tour was rote "there's-a-tarantula-in-your-soup" role playing all the way.

He offered few theatrics during the show (yes, we saw the snake, zzzzz), laying naked the irrelevance of his newer

material. There were some dull heavy metal numbers (*Talk, Talk*), and the equally dull Mademoiselle Magazine humalongs, like *Only Women Bleed*. One of the better new numbers is the catchy *We're All Clones*, a neat parody of all the Kraftwerk rip-off bands. Still, the audience had come to hear the oldies, and Alice's clumsy back-up band created a very mixed bag, turning the bright power pop of *I'm Eighteen* into heavy metal slop. Some of the brilliant joy of *School's Out* came through, but more interesting was *Elected*. When Alice repeatedly yelled "God Bless America", one had to wonder if the audience's cheers contained less sarcasm than audiences seven years ago. These are, after all, patriotic times.

Strangely, what remains Alice's most convincing tool is his naturally grotesque look — here seeming like a combination of Judas Priest leather and Joan Crawford butch (in her decline). Other than this shock, the show seemed like a K-Tell stroll through Alice's past — almost an act of self-exploitation. But, then again, perhaps that's what success in Hollywood is really all about. □



Dave Gershoff

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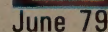
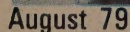
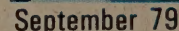
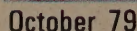
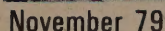
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